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painting by Harvey Stafford

I'd like to introduce you to my lady-love, Linda.



Ha ... I should be so lucky, right? Actually, Linda and I have never met, but I feel as if I know her intimately. You could call us "pen pals," I suppose, although that antiquated term hardly begins to describe the true dimension of our relationship.

My life with Linda began about two years ago. I was poking around in the cellar of my apartment building when I stumbled over a curious-looking polka-dotted shopping bag. I reached in and pulled out a handful of cancelled envelopes, all of them of Hallmark greeting card size and all of them from an address in upstate New York to an address across the hall from me.

My voyeuristic little heart began pumping double-time, as I instantly deduced the highly personal nature of my find. Eureka — I'd struck gold! I'd discovered

Love Letters from Linda.

My new best friend — the bag of Linda's letters — and I raced upstairs to my apartment. I was nearly in hyperventilation as I laid out the bag's contents on my kitchen table, being as careful with my booty as I could, given the tumultuous circumstances.

Mark D. Pula, the addressee of Linda's letters, was a doughy Berklee School of Music bass student who had lived next door to me for a few months. He'd moved out over a year earlier, so it seemed certain he had no plans to reclaim the mementos Linda had so lovingly prepared for him. They were mine, and now I give them to you. Join me, then, in exploring the lives of these two youngsters so very much in love.

story and layout by **Phil X. Milstein** ... love letters by **Linda**

Dearest Darling Mark,

I got your letter today. I miss you so much. Writing isn't the same thing as being there. ... How many more days to Thanksgiving? Too many.

I went to Understanding Music (oops) Understanding Music for the first time today. It's really great. We listened to Gregorian Chants and Troubadour songs from the Middle Ages. A lot of people didn't understand the difference between beat and meter (meter began in Troubadour Songs), but I think I do. Beat is one-two-three-four (without accents), and meter is ONE-two-three-four, or one-two-three-four-five-SIX. Right? Wait, 6/4 is ONE-two-three-FOUR-five-six. But anyway, meter has accents that always fall in the same places (depending on the time signature). Right?

I finally got de-tripled (or un-tripled or got rid of one person in the room, however you wish to put it. My roommate's name is Carry, or is it Carrie? Carrie's okay but she doesn't really have much consideration for other people. Like, she turns all the lights on when I'm sleeping, opens the window when I'm sick (more about that later), leaves all her shit lying around, etc.

Yeah, about that "sick" part. I have strep and an ear-infection. I feel like someone set a fire in my ears and throat. Anyway I was so

cold yesterday that I was wrapped up in a blanket and I was still shivering. Carrie decided to open a window. Oh well, so it goes.

Guess what! Ed is doing another show! He swore he was giving up show business for the button-business. The show's called "Three Men Naked from the Waist Down." Sounds interesting.

Thank God for Socrates. And aspirin too.

Want to hear the most depressing thing? Well I'm going to tell you anyway. I started to type a story on my computer (no, that's not the sad part) and then I pushed the wrong button and lost three whole paragraphs! Ouch!

You're complaining about two hour classes? I have two-three hour classes. Yucky, huh? But one is with this really cool lady who makes us popcorn when we see a movie. (Popcorn is my favorite food). Can you imagine making popcorn for 100 people? Well, I gotta go and do some homework now. Not that I want to ... but what's the sense of paying all this money, if you're only going to flunk out. Aufwiedersehen. Aufwiederhören, Aufwieder-schreiben, und aufwieder-singen.

Love,
Linda

Judging by the postmark dates, Mark had left the envelopes in strictly chronological order, so the chance to watch Linda come to life on my kitchen table was made that much easier.

As I gingerly dipped my little toe into the pool of her being, I was hoping Linda's letters would soon be drowning me in a lake of murky, real-life smut. What I found instead was something way, way more abysmal.

Part of what makes the world of Linda so weird and so disorienting is that every item in the shopping bag is from Linda to Mark, with not one single shred from him to her. Thus, we are forced to read between the

continues on next page

continued from previous page

lines, to invent in our heads his reactions to Linda's provocative texts. I like to imagine (or, "imagen") Mark as being almost wholly resistant to Linda's intangible charms. Sure, he might be the type to snort a few Xs and Os at her in the sack, just before rolling off and passing out, but, I can hear him brag to his buddies, "all this mail and telephone crap? That shit's for sissies."

If her letters didn't reveal her to be a college girl, it would be tempting to think of Linda as a 14-year-old imagining in her diary what life would be like as Mrs. Kirk Cameron.

I miss you so much! Twenty-four days and counting. ... I feel so bad about not being able to go to Boston for Thanksgiving, but neither of us can afford it. Well maybe one day we'll be rich with a huge house and a sportscar and a bunch of kids. Actually, I'd settle for middle class with a medium house and a decent car and a few kids, as long as you're there to share it with me.

Have you gotten the rest of your phone bill yet? Maybe your mom can help you pay it. I hate to be a jerk, but maybe we should cut calls down to once a week for an hour and write more often. I know, I miss you too, but these phone bills are making you broke and I'm already broke. I promise I'll be better about writing.

I keep worrying about Lee and Sooz. Did they go back to school yet? I just don't know how they're dealing with all this. I don't think I could if I were them. I mean, I only knew him for one summer, but I won't ever forget him.

So did you find out yet where your family is having Thanksgiving and when? My mom says you're always welcome at our house. Just

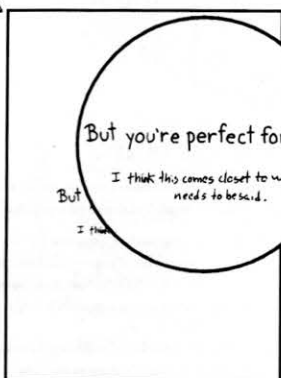
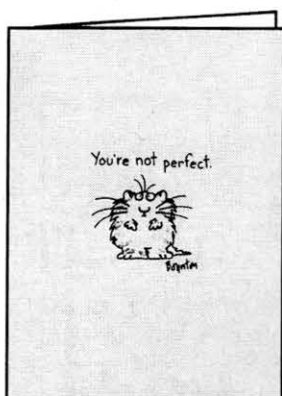
let me know what's going on. I'll be home from the 19th to the 26th. Hopefully, I'll get some sub work at the J.C.C. and some babysitting jobs. I bet I could get a babysitting job the day after Thanksgiving, and maybe you could come with me. Like maybe Alex Durie's mom (you remember, my other boyfriend) will hire me and she won't mind if you come along, if I ask first.

Did I tell you how much I miss you? I did? Well, I guess I'll just have to tell you again. "I MISS YOU!" I love you. Take care. Bye. (Aufwiedersehen. Aufwiederhören, Aufwiederschreiben)

Love,
Linda

XXXXXXXXXXXX
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
XXXXXXXXXXXX
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
XXXXXXXXXXXX

This one was inside a card that read, *I'm in a Severe State of "Hug" Withdrawal!*



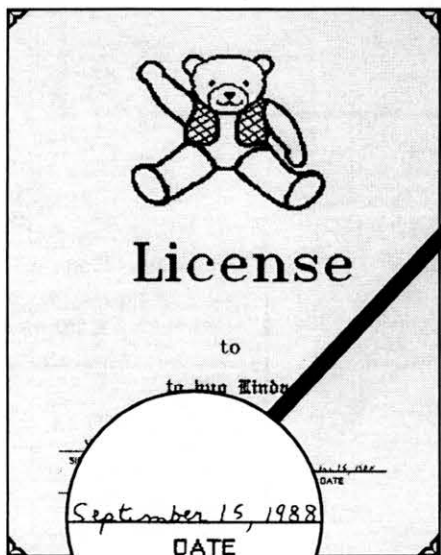
His shoes are brown. They match his grey slacks.



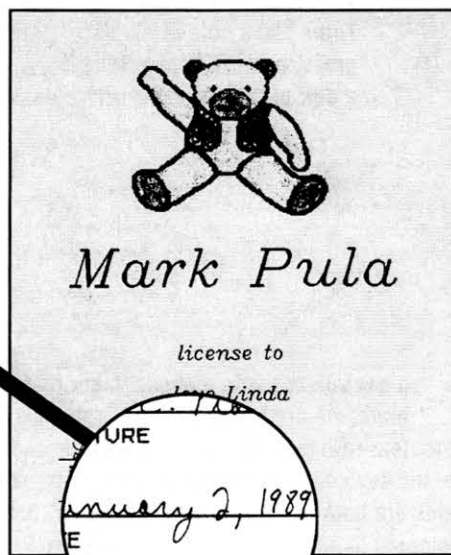
This is him

Linda is apparently very fond of spending time at the local greeting card shoppe. Maybe she has a crush on the guy that works there — perhaps he reminds her of Mark. She seems to have spent hours there studying each and every possible card in a tension-filled effort to select just the right one, the one that expresses most aptly and most succinctly her very own thoughts.

Linda's been having trouble paying attention in class. To pass the time, she has studiously sketched her Educational Psych professor, Dr. Wolpe.



Linda's been taking some computer classes. Her skills have developed rapidly. There is a lot about computers one can learn in just four short months.



Mark,

I'm so glad I decided to re-read your letters after we hung up because I noticed that in the one about soaking in the bathtub, one of the pages (the last one) had stuck to the one before it, so the first time I read it, I never saw the first page last page. I remember thinking that it was really strange that you didn't sign your name, but I figured, hey, who am I to judge? So just now I finally got to read it. I feel so warm inside. You told me that you had wanted to say "I love you" on the 13, but you forgot. And you say I'm sweet! Not nearly as sweet as the taste of your lips. ... I really miss you. I really want to be with you right here and right now. I ache for you. I think about holding you and you holding me and us holding us all the time and I can't wait to hold you again. I really hope "Boston in the Summer-time" works out. It would really help if my parents met your parents because I know they'd love each other. Just like we love each other!

But first you have to find me a job! A good job. With lots of money. Yeah! And good benefits! Yeah! And lots of time to spend with you. Yeah!! (Notice double exclamation points)

Anyway, back to being romantic. I'm so glad my parents finally fell in love with us being in love. Because ... guess why ... I love you! I know they'd come around eventually because there's so much about you to love.

You know, even if things don't work out between us (but believe me, with all my heart and soul, I do want this to work out) I'll always remember you and all the little tiny things that define you. And if (please God) things do work out, seventy years from now, I'll be able to look at your beautiful face and remember all the little tiny things that define you. I'd love to roll over seventy years from now and say good morning to you. We'd have our dream house and a few intelligent, beautiful, lovely children who were each married to intelligent, beautiful, lovely spouses and have adorable, intelligent, lovely grand-babies. ... We'll be so happy together. Even if we don't get our dreamhouse, I'd still like to have our dreamhousehold. I'd do any-thing to be with you. I love you x infinity.

I want to hold you so bad right now. I want to touch you, to be touched by you. I want to be with you.

I think about you all the time. Day and night. Especially night. When I'm with other people, I want them to go away and for you to come. I feel so alone without you, but whenever I think of you I am not alone. You make me feel so warm inside.

I better go and study now (it's 11:48) if I ever expect to graduate from this place.

Love,
Linda

P.S. I ♥ you too.

I've seen Mark. Alas, I never got the chance to speak to him, but I did eye him a few times as he darted furtively in and out of his apartment, and I wish I could assure Linda that she has no reason to be so cloyingly insecure about his love for her. Few women, in this culture or any other, would consider him to be much of a prize. In fact, you can easily think of Mark as the male Linda. And trust me, hon', he ain't about to run off with Leeza Gibbons.

Easter Basket: some assembly required

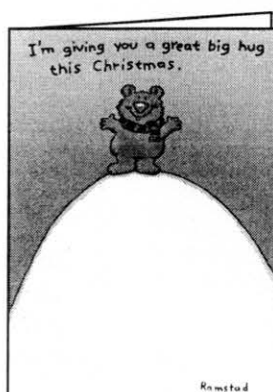
- 1) remove contents from box
- 2) open polka-dot bag — this will serve as an Easter basket
- 3) separate Cadbury eggs from hisses and jellies beans in ziplock bag
- 4) place Easter grass in bottom of basket
- 5) fluff up grass
- 6) sprinkle hisses and jellies beans on top of grass
- 7) hiss stuffed bunny on the nose
- 8) place stuffed bunny in center of basket
- 9) place one Cadbury egg on either side of bunny
- 10) prop music note and I-love up in front of bunny
- 11) assemble cardboard duck
- 12) place chocolate bunny and duck on either side of stuffed bunny and eggs
- 13) prop unopened card up against front of bag
- 14) close your eyes
- 15) think about Easter surprises
- 16) open them and look with wonder at your Easter surprise.
- 17) smile
- 18) think about the wonderful person who did this for you
- 19) smile
- 20) think about how much she loves you
- 21) smile
- 22) open the card and read it
- 23) turn over page
- 24) smile
- 25) enjoy the basket
- 26) keep smiling

I Love You



Have I mentioned that also found in that fateful polka-dotted bag were a number of props, small tokens of love from Linda to her Marky? There were little fuzzy-wuzzy duckies and bunnies, some plastic Easter grass, a teddy bear holding a "World's Best Boyfriend" balloon, and a pair of "#1 Sweetheart!" Valentine's Day boxer trunks. Unworn, I hope.

In her letters Linda makes it clear that she comes from a Jewish family; Mark, we are left to assume, does not. Though Linda and Mark have no problem with this little cultural wedgie, their parents do, and it has become one of the key points of friction in their relationship — perhaps the only one, as the kids are both oh-so-loveable otherwise. But if they are to ever wed, one of them is going to have to convert. Here we see Linda about to celebrate her very first Christmas ...



And it's completely returnable.

Oh, yeah, and a kiss too. And a whole bunch of other stuff that's also completely returnable. I won't mention just exactly what the "whole bunch" of stuff is, but I'm quite sure you can guess what it is. Yeah, I knew you could.

Love,
Linda

XXXXXXX
OOO OOOOOO OOOOOO

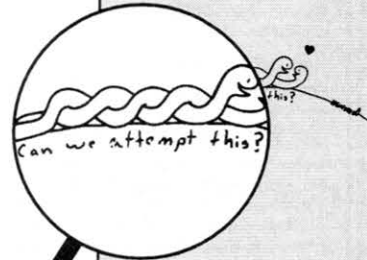
Dearest Mark,

Hey! Hey! Hey! It's the Kod-
aide Man! Anybody thirsty? Anybody
hungry? Yeah, for what? So you
want to go to Charlotte Beach.
Maybe. And that's final. Maybe.
Well, it's definitely a final tentative
answer. Maybe. But, definitely
for sure I Love You. For always.
And that's final. This bear is a
lovey-bear. If you need love you
can just rub his tummy. Diane
has one. So do Eddie and
Herbie (who now has a
girlfriend!). So →

Linda enjoys
writing to
Mark on her
Kool-Aid note paper.

I figured you better have one too.
Anyway, it was made with love
especially for you. Each lovey-bear
is remarkably unique and was hand
crafted with the personality of the
receiver in mind. Rub his tummy in
good health and always know you
are loved very much. See you in 13
days. Give my love to Kemo (kemo)
(Cemo) (K:emo) (#C:emo) (h:emo)

Love,
Linda
(Linda)

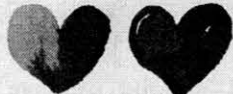


Whoa! What's this? An
inkling of a mature and
slightly dirty thought? Our
little girl is growing up.

It's hard to say good-bye



when someone we love dies



... OUR HEART FEELS



broken

As we trundle onwards through
the volatile landscape that
was Linda's mind circa 1989, we
encounter vague intimations of
trouble in paradise. Mark hasn't
been returning her calls; Mark is
a little teensy bit uncertain about
their future as man-n-wife; a dis-
tant, unnamed friend of a friend
has passed away. Down at the
card shoppe, there is a Boynton
to suit every occasion.

MUSH
MAIL

POEM

Maybe a poem
Is just an excuse
for filling up
a blank spot
on a blank page
in a blank notebook
in a blank world.
Maybe a blank world
is just an excuse
for filling up
a blank spot
in a blank solar system
in a blank galaxy
in a blank universe.
Maybe a blank universe
is just a blank universe?

LUNCHBREAK

at lunch
we two sit alone together
and discuss things
such as economics, sex,
politics, war and the weather.
we have yet to talk about
anything important.

HAJUN 1

On the day you died,
leaves fell one by one, and I
could not make them stop

ECHO

do not ask me
to laugh
or to cry
because you are the dark
and I am only an echo ...
echo ...

LIKE STORM

Baby crying.	Rain splattering.
Grownups yelling.	Thunder sounding.
Woman threatening divorce.	Lightning flashing.
Door slamming.	Another thunder clap.

Either way.
They're both the same.
Both have that awful silence at the end.



Linda is a poet.

"your throbbing member," "my naked woman-flesh," and "your sheathed manhood." Is she describing a real episode, or is it only a twisted fantasy peering up from beneath the smoldering embers of Linda's flaming psyche? Then again, for that matter, perhaps the whole bag is but a figment of her imagination.

Emerging from the precious context established by everything we've discovered in Linda's bag thus far, the contents of this last letter are shocking enough to singe the edge of our short-hairs. Perhaps a more astute observer of the ramifications of severe sexual repression could have gathered what lay obscured behind the cloak of Linda's labored cutesiness, but for anyone else who has read all, or even some, of the other letters before reading this one, it is impossible to read it with your mouth not hanging agape. When Dame Darcy enacted the letters to us late one night not long ago, our editress blurted, aghast, "I would *never* write anything like that ... and I'm Lisa Suckdog!"



sealed with a
nice, wet,
slurpy

KISS

to strip you soothingly. Your penis is now free and fully erect. I take it into my mouth and lick it tenderly. You gasp with pleasure. Soon you remove it from my mouth and roll a condom down its length. I caress your thigh as you do this. Almost, but not quite touching your sheathed manhood. You touch my womanhood and feel the wetness that has accumulated there ...

You look lustfully at the naked woman-flesh stretched in front of you at your mercy. Slowly, you lower yourself on top of my appealing form. Your hand guides your penis into my vagina. Gently, inch followed by inch, you enter me, spreading my thighs further apart ...

Fully in now, you press your full weight upon me and smile at feeling my breasts pressed so tightly against your muscular chest. But then your attention is focused on your penis and you begin to slide your fullness in and out of me, all the while keeping time with your tongue in my mouth. Slowly at first, but then the pace quickens ...

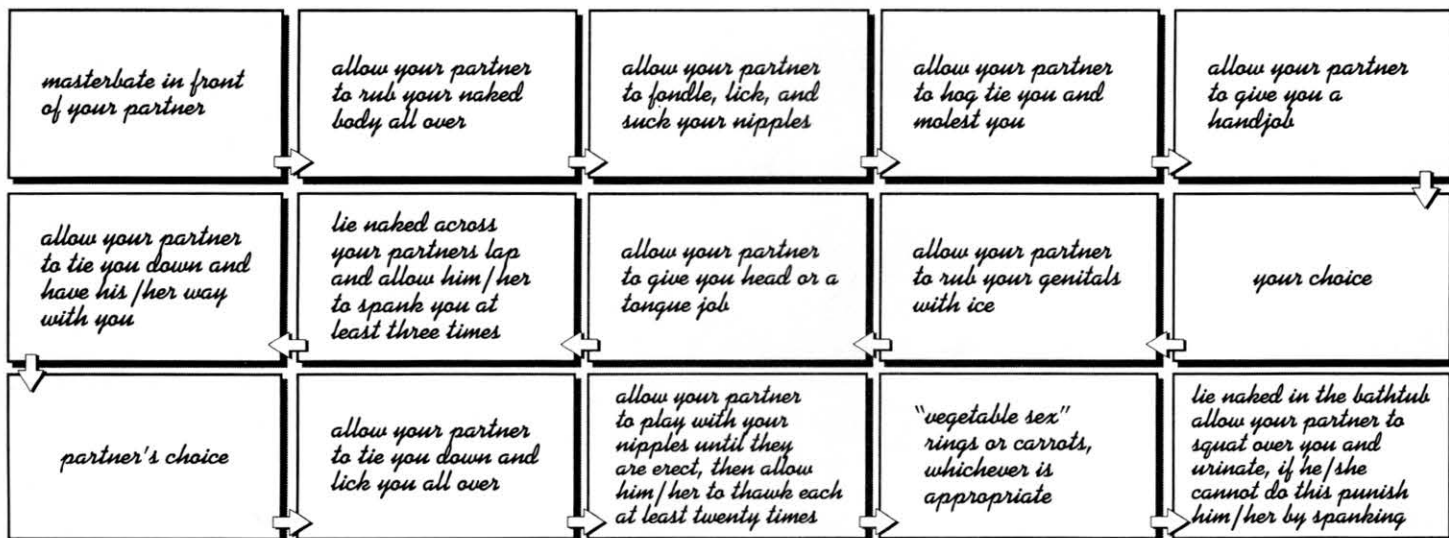
As you orgasm, shivers race your spine ...

I come soon after ...

You pull out slowly, carefully, afraid to end the moment. I gaze at your powerfullness as you lean over me. I look at your penis and then reach over to touch him admirably. You laugh and tell me to kiss him. I do. You lie prone and pull me on top of you. I stroke the sides of your naked body. We fall asleep ...

The final envelope also included 15 small orange cards on which Linda had written commands for a sex game. You must perform on your partner whichever act the card you select instructs you to. You won't find any of these acts mentioned in the Kama Sutra — at least half of them are felonies in 28 states! Several of them not even Lisa Suckdog would do.

We present them to you now in ascending order of kinkiness:



I like to picture Linda sitting cross-legged in the middle of her bed, surrounded by lots of stuffed animals and fluffy throw pillows, thoughtfully tapping pencil to chin and wondering, "How exactly *do* you spell 'masterbate'?"

As the time comes to sadly say so long to Mark and, especially, Linda, what trite and pseudo-sophisticated conclusions am I to draw from this episode? I have deliberately violated these two pathetic innocents to the very cores of their being, vicariously strolling through their souls, a-hummin' a happy tune while they live life ... real life. But am I diminished by my invasion? Are they? Should I feel guilty about the fact that I don't feel guilty? Or does the co-ed who undresses before her open dormitory window not invite the peeping Tom to gaze upon her nakedness? If she doesn't want him to look inside, she should draw the shade.

Although it remains an unsolved mystery why Mark D. Pula would have left behind the love letters from

Linda when he vacated my building (not to mention the boxer shorts), I do know *why* he moved. That apartment, you see, was just too darn small for both he and his lovely new bride. And so even though Mark and Linda surely had no idea they were engaged in any sort of game with me, it is they who have triumphed in the end. It is they who will get to roll over seventy years from now and look at each other's beautiful face and say good morning; it is they who will have the adorable, intelligent, lovely grandbabies to look after them in their dotage. And I, the interloper of their dreams, will have no such thing.

Yet wherever in heaven or on earth she may be tonight, I wish on my lucky star that Mrs. Linda Pula is one very happy lady.



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Tenement Life

by Cindy Dall

Bill and Lisa considered letting me go apartment hunting but decided against it because Lisa said I looked like a "party girl" whereas they looked like "the perfect yuppie couple" they felt a manager would like. So I didn't see the apartment they chose until the day we moved in. I found burnt orange wall-to-wall carpeting and windows with black metal frames. I leaned against one of the bright white walls and cried. I told Bill I couldn't believe I was actually exerting energy to move into the ugliest apartment I'd ever seen. He felt so guilty he didn't touch me for a week.

Lisa liked the apartment for the same reasons I hated it. She liked the burnt orange carpeting, metal window frames, and the "nice, clean, white walls." She was raised in decor like that; any place that has those qualities makes her feel as if she's at home. Lisa has hotel aesthetics. She is Real American. Living in the apartment was devastating for me because I feel all my moves should signify a step up in my aesthetical evolution. This place was definitely a step down.

But, I adjusted to "life in the tenement" quickly. Our neighbors shout their life into the courtyard in loud Spanish. Even the wife-beater doesn't do it quietly. Here, privacy is an obsolete concept. I call from my window across the courtyard to Lisa's window, shout out our personal life, expect her to respond. I can tell she is hesitant. She asks if I can come to her room. Decorum, even in the tenement. Lisa will stoop down to pick up a sock with her hands whereas I would use my feet to pick it up; I adapt to the noise level here while Lisa stays quiet. "I guess I'm just averse to change," she says.

But the people of the tenement don't hold our personal life against us. Our "██████████" neighbors couldn't care less if I asked Dan O. to have Steve

M. call me. Or if Boyd is in fact a Nazi or has a child. No, Lisa and I should only have privacy and secrecy between ourselves. We are the only two people from whom we should keep secrets, or for whom we should whisper while on the phone. But if we choose to communicate, to let go of our secrets however partially, we may as well not go to any effort to be discreet.

A friend told me people keep things hidden (such as their powers) as a survival tool. But there are destructive secrets, too. In her dressing room, my mom keeps drawers full of unopened, unacknowledged bills. One Christmas I found a piece of paper tacked to the front door. It was an eviction notice. My mom folded it up and put it in her purse. "Don't tell your father, OK?" was all she said about it.

At first it seemed as if we were very different from our neighbors: we're white, and we don't have four generations of occupants in our apartment. But there are similarities: All the young women of the tenement, including Lisa and myself, wear tight pants. The overweight ones too. They wear stonewashed stretch denim jeans, skin-tight. They wear even tighter pants than me, winner of the Mrs. Peg Bundy Tight Pant Award '93. The older women hardly ever wear shoes, just slippers: whether it's going to Fred's Market or to their mailboxes--which they check three or four times a day. (Lisa checks our box *six* times a day in her slippers!)

When I told Lisa about how much mail the neighbors got, she was surprised. "I know this is racist, but I never looked at our neighbors as people who would read or write very much." "Well," I said, "maybe they're waiting for their checks..."--we started laughing hysterically--"...or letters from the homeland." "Stop!" cried Lisa. I'd taken the joke too far. Her eyes narrowed and she asked, "Why is it that you're telling me how much mail the neighbors get when I'm the one going down to the boxes all the time?"

It's not necessarily a racist assumption, though, ~~██████████~~ ~~██████████~~--it's an educated guess. (And since



The author, as seen from Lisa's window

we're white, we're educated, of course!) 'Cause as soon as the workday is over, the TVs start blaring. When we first moved in, Bill and I were going to bed around nine o'clock. We heard every sitcom they watched, then the 11 o'clock news. Once the news was over they turned the TV off and went to bed. So we started going to bed at 11:30. On weekends the people who live underneath us play video games like Pong until 4 AM. We fall asleep to the video game melodies.

Even though our neighbors in Guerneville were louder, I liked them better because they had more interesting problems to yell about, plus they yelled in English. But of course I feel a kinship to their problems--the neighbors in Guerneville are you-know-what.*

Though I know the tenement is interim housing, this knowledge has never soothed the ugliness. I detest it. When we first moved in I tried to mask the ugliness with ribbons and other pretty things. I thought, "Who the FUCK am I kidding?" and tore it all down. Does my hopefulness and resiliency show?

My ex-roommate Darcy just moved from Guerneville to Brooklyn and painted her new bedroom pink. She says it's like living inside a birthday cake. She asked me, "So, how do you like San Francisco?" "Uh," I paused trying to remember any emotion I had, "uh...it's a very pretty city." Darcy and I started laughing. I told her about the orange carpet. She said consolingly, "Cindy, I'm so sorry." "Well, I guess I like it here but it's not my Home. Y'know? I don't feel I'm supposed to live here for the rest of my life but have no idea where I should. So I sit here." "Same with me," said Darcy, "but I painted my room anyway trying to make myself feel better." "Does living in the stomach of a birthday cake make you feel better?" "No."

Two weeks later, it's the "Rock 'n' Roll Ride Home" on THE ROCKER. I look at the clock. 2:46 PM. "30 below in Maine and that's not even the windshield factor: that's 60 below. A wonderful 61 degrees in San Francisco. It's almost a top-down day!" I live in god's country. Though aesthetically this apartment is a step-down, when looking at the Big Picture of My Life it really is a step-up, though meager. At least I moved away from Sacramento (my hometown) where it's usually 20 degrees colder than San Francisco and during the winter you don't see the sky for months because it's full of fog. A Sac State guy defended Sacramento by saying, "Hey, man, the single female to male ratio is like no other in the nation!" OK! And at least we're *all* out of Guerneville where--it's true--the trees are pretty, but it's also where there are two espresso shops but no computers. It took Lisa an hour by bus to get to Santa Rosa so she could use one at Kinko's. Also, life is more energetic in San Francisco. There are enough people up late at night to warrant several really tasty 24-hour restaurants right in my own neighborhood. In Guerneville my life had slowed down so much that one day last spring I began my journal entry by urgently writing, "The stinkbug population has skyrocketed." Viva la San Francisco!



What I Hear In My Room

by Lisa

Upstairs, the vacuum cleaner goes at least twice a day. And that's just while I'm home. Often after vacuuming, the couple have sex. I hear five to seven slow bed spring squeaks, then four or five quick ones. That's it, every time. The English-speaking neighbor downstairs is not as lucky. He's always yelling for his woman to come have sex, but she yells back no, so he pleads in his bellowing way, and she yells some reasons why she shouldn't--he made a mess with his potato chips and now she has to clean it up, for instance. One time they argued all afternoon at the top of their lungs over whether he did or didn't (and if he has the right to, whether he did or not) masturbate to Elvira. He falls asleep to super-loud TV, and then, incredibly, the noise of his snorts and snores rises above that of the TV. He laughs in his sleep. There's a lot of glee in that man. He loves football. He has naturally that booming, sloppy voice people use when making fun of stupid people, and he uses it often. He suggests tactics to the players on the TV: "Stop using your fucking head and tackle him!" and chastises them: "Fairy! You're a girl!" One time he said, "Cut his fucking head off!" How do you do that playing football? He has tons of team spirit, and when his side scores he screams, "YAHOO! WOOH, hoo-hoo! Oh yeah, baby, oh yeah!" and we hear the pounding of his feet as he runs in a circle around the room, clapping and whistling and yahooing.

If I had to be one couple or the other--the vacuumers or the bellowers--I...I just couldn't choose.

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I H A D PSORIASIS

by A.L.W.

Who can be the judge, where vicious gossip and cruelty enters into a perfectly good marriage. Is it destiny, or has the finger pointed at me and I was picked to live an unforeseen life of horror and shed an ocean of tears, innocently, paying for what and why.

One of the numerous perfectly beautiful summer days, as I sat on my front porch inwardly knowing that I had every right to rest. As my house was immaculate, like a ship from stern to stern.

As I recognized the neighbors returning from work, these were middle shift war-workers. I resolved to a thought I would soon bathe for dinner.

As the days passed, these same neighbors who earlier had given me a glad "hello" were now resolving to a "nod" and a very snide one, which I noticed.

When I mentioned this to my husband, his answer was, "Forget it, people are like this, this could be your imagination."

Men never see things in the same light as a woman does. I guess this is what makes them men. I forgot the issue and it was dissolved. (Unmistakably--there is a woman's intuition.)

Soon after, a neighbor approached me. "Why don't you do war-work? You'll get a job almost anywhere you apply. It'll make you feel good."

I mentioned that I only knew office-work and this didn't strike me as getting in there and pitching.

My neighbor insisted and was bent on me going to work. "You can go with me, and I'm sure you'll be put to work."

She was making parachutes.

I complained, "I can't sew."

Later, I mentioned this to my husband. He was opposed to my working. "You have a house and two children to keep intact, forget the neighbors beef."

Now, it wasn't as if my husband was against helping, he had served in the 1st World War, abroad and all. He wanted to keep our marriage on a perfect basis. But in spite of his preaching all the

"why it wouldn't work," in the morning I found myself standing at my neighbors door and waiting to be driven to work.

Reviewing in my mind, I knew it would be months before our home would have that ramshackled look. I knew I would try desperately to have the meals on the table at the appointed time. As far as my children are concerned, they are in good reliable hands. My mother would do her part, I had a confident feeling that everything would be alright.

I had to be plum-crazy to exchange what I had for the unforeseen event. But as I mentioned previous, who knows all the why's and don'ts.

Weeks passed, my husband wasn't helping me with little tid bits. But I realized this all was a part he was playing to discourage me so I would quit work. So I was on double-shift, so to speak, at work and home. It wasn't easy, but I have a challenging nature, as I went along with it, and proved I could do both. Only for a while, when I was slowing down, did I notice he was making trips to the cafe more than usual. Late for dinner, he even grew careless about his bathing.

At work, I had become one of their best operators and received a raise in pay.

Had it been the reverse, I would have quit my job when the change was noticed. But instead, they patted me on the back. I wished later someone would have given me a swift boot and sent me sprawling onto the sidewalk.

My steady employment brought about this evil catastrophe.

At an appointed time, I do believe there is one.

A group of girls gathered every day to lunch together and in idle conversation a subject was brought up that deeply interested me and about five others. The rest threw the conversation to the wind.

Of course I had to get involved.

HOT!~~HOT!~~HOT!

Knowing now what you're thinking, only good can be the results of an advantage and courageous act. But listen, to what happened. This certain person, who preferred to be leader of this episode. She knew what to do and how it should be done. Without a doubt, she felt inadequate to try this alone and suggested it in the open where the rest of us could hear. "Eating only what is fit for the body to maintain good health," she suggested.

Now this is good advice but not one of us consulted a physician, to undertake this cleansing diet, or maybe we should have used some horse sense. I had religiously followed this health diet even to the point of drinking purified water, along with the five other girls. But how long they continued, I never knew. But for two months my husband and I would pick up the health foods from the different markets when one of the others found it difficult.

Until one day when I noticed my arms were all broken out with pimples and I rubbed them to relieve the itching. I didn't scratch them with my fingernails, as everyone knows they're poisonous. I didn't really feel that my condition was in any way related to my current eating habits. I reported for work as usual and never mentioned it to anyone. I wore sweaters to hide my arms and wondered if anyone else was bothered. Soon the problem became so bad that I would scratch my arms at work. "Is something wrong?", asked a girl who worked next to me. I, believing she could possibly offer me a suggestion exposed my arms to her. She gasped with surprise and that same afternoon she asked our boss if she could be transferred to a different machine.

This was only the beginning. Many a one would have quit, but I stayed on. Soon the news of my condition got around faster than Grant took Richmond. Including the vicious talk and superstition that ran amuck in the factory, the situation was hard to endure. By this time it was now on my feet. I told my boss it would be better for all concerned if I resign.

He said, "You're too important, you are one of my best operators and the government needs these parachutes. Can't you dismiss the gossiping from your mind?" But my condition became so bad that I finally stayed home with my grief. While at home I made a survey of all the drug stores in the neighborhood, trying to find someone who could give me a helping hand. My spirits grew when this one particular chemist showed me a tube of well known paste medicine.

"Why yes," he said, "I won't say for sure what you have, but you can try this on your arms. Now please be careful, it is very strong and don't use it more than twice, then throw the tube away. There isn't much anyone can do for that, but if it will make you feel better I can give you the name of the best skin specialist there is in the county. I would try that formula first."

He watched me leave and I felt thankful. As soon as I got home I dashed to the bathroom and removed my bandages. I then applied the salve. It felt cool. This is hard to believe, but it was gone in two weeks. I was happy as a lark. I could have kissed everybody. But I still had my feet condition, which was very bad. They were swollen and red. They teared when the skin broke and wherever it teared another group of sores started.

I never threw the tube away like the chemist suggested. Very cautiously, I took one corner of my foot, and applied this salve. In a few days, I felt a change, so I put on more but this salve was very strong, and the next day my feet were worse. I went to the given address and sat in this large office and waited. Several doors were lined up, all facing the center room. I could peer in as a door opened. And I could see someone lying on a bed, or a bare-back. And the longer I sat waiting the more uncomfortable I became. The girl at the desk informed me the doctor would see me in room number three. I then noticed, for the first time, the doors were all numbered. I sat in this small room removing my hose that were larger size than my usual. I brought an extra pair with me. Then the doctor appeared, he was a handsome man. "Well, what have we here?" I lifted my feet, and felt like it was the end of the world when I saw his gaze. He looked at me and asked, "How long... Of course I don't know why I'm asking because your case makes the twelfth. We are baffled at how to go about curing this. Do you know what you have? I shook my head - no. "Psoriasis. It's new and we don't know how to handle it." If you were never

told you have something that even the doctors can't handle, then you will never know how I felt that day. He went thru the routine of showing me photographs from a booklet that were taken from the other eleven he spoke of. After the doctor had questioned me and told me all about this diet thing. He wasn't too sure it was entirely to blame. "To eat what is good for the body has it's own reward", he continued, "but there is something you must do." I looked up after I'd had a good cry and asked, "what?"

"Be thankful, because it came out of your system and showed itself, where it could be handled and treated."

"But you said you didn't know what could be done." At this point, he was holding my feet, "It isn't contagious, this is you - only"

"Child you will know what to do in time, don't rush it, let it come out, and when you discover the cure, come back and tell me." This gave me an uplift, I slipped my soiled hose into a paper bag that was there with other soiled gauze. And put a fresh pair of hose on that I brought. I asked if there were any charges. He answered, "No money, I'm holding you to that promise, when you return cured." It was an empty smile I gave as I left the office. It all sounded so meaningless. At the curb I waved down a taxi and couldn't care less if the driver soared into oblivion. As time passed I found myself neglecting the house. On an evening my husband would remind me of a good play or film but we never went anywhere. The sores were increasing and taking over my body. They were now also on my knees.

When I retired for bed I was all bandaged up and my husband would say, "war was never this bad; I saw casualty cases before but this beats them all!" I was laughing and said, "Oh, you haven't seen anything yet. You see this person goes on, until she drops." He was only trying to be funny. He laughed and I did also, as I make a desperate effort to get into bed without bending my knees. He'd kid me, making cracks about the war, which was funny because I haven't been in the war, but I certainly looked the part. And the next night I remember so plainly, when I came to bed, with all clean bandages I had an additional one around my neck. He turned and I thought he'd never quit laughing, he yelled, "Great Caesar! I heard of people getting shot up, but how do you live when you get shot thru the neck." I couldn't laugh tonight. I sat on the bed utterly disgusted. I burst into a flood of tears. I leaned over.

"I'm kidding honey, Oh please don't take me serious. If I knew what to do, I would, you know that."

"Well, don't joke about it anymore." He said, "You got to admit, it was funny at first."

He held me in his arms and there was nothing we could do, but trust in GOD. This went into years and I was still searching magazine articles for a cure. Some helped a little while but the sores always returned. The shocking experiences I had in those years, is something you don't try to remember. But people can be cruel and damn mean when they think, "This could never happen to them". When I commuted, I found myself hiding my feet under the bus-seats. I would always sit on the side, if I could. This hurt my pride because I was young and had nice legs. Words can't explain how downright miserable this whole thing was becoming. I found myself refusing to go to places of amusements. My husband would stay home, but towards the last he didn't even bother to ask, he went out alone. I always found myself crying at the end of the day. It must have been a hardship for my mother, also, because I have done so much crying, mostly at night, I would cry myself to sleep.

My husband came up with a bright idea. This was odd coming from him. "Why don't you get yourself a job. We can hire someone to do the hard work. This way you will forget yourself and get out of this rut your in. Going down the street no one will ever know."

This was another one of his witty remarks. I answered, "Yes, it all sounds easy, but everyone isn't going. I think I will start to work and try to think differently. It might help me." And I did get a job. The only place I had sores now, were my insteps and knees. The sores on my wrist, elbows and neck were gone. My dress hid my knees, my insteps were my worry. It would be only a matter of time, I kept telling myself. The girl where I worked also had problems. And she occasionally opened wide her hurt feelings and dislikes, and one day she babbled off

something that startled me. She was telling me her husband had Psoriasis and was despondent. Of course, she didn't suspect me, a couple of days passed, she didn't report for work and the boss informed the office force, that her husband committed suicide. "He had a tragic case of Psoriasis, poor guy."

When I heard the news, it hit me hard and I kept gazing at the floor, wondering how I would end. An office worker broke the silence, she felt privileged to say, "He's better off dead, they can't cure the damn stuff anyway." Everyone formed an opinion, and knew so much, but the one who had it, me. The only stimulant that kept me going was the doctor, I kept hearing him "Come back, when your cured." He must have known, this affirmation, would have a magnetic effect upon me.

It's twelve years later to the day, when I first contacted Psoriasis. One knee and one instep were all cleared up. I still had the other side to contend with. And still hiding it the best way possible. I have been going out to amusement places and enjoying myself. These two sores were deep rooted and the tissues had to be healed before the skin, so it was taking longer. It's hard to say what healed the others because I was trying different treatments I found advertised. I knew in my heart I would be free of this Psoriasis but these last two sores were taking longer. Now, my eldest daughter married and moved to California. This gave me something else to think about. She was living in California one year, when they made a surprise visit and insisted we would go back with them. That meant, starting life over, including selling our home. I would make new friends and get away from the old scenery. My husband was all for it, and I too, was glad to make the change. I was still carrying the sores on my foot and knee, but the swelling was gone. It was so exciting the day we left for California. Our house was sold and the few things we salvaged, were already on their way. My family and I took the airplane with an honest to goodness smile and never looked back. There was an exuberant feeling about the whole thing. When we reached Oklahoma the airplane made an unexpected landing, our left wing caught fire. There wasn't another plane schedule until the next day, late in the evening. We walked thru Oklahoma sightseeing I noticed a pair of Hand-Toole shoes on display in a store window, that were just beautiful. My insteps confronted me and I wanted those shoes so badly. My husband said, "Well make up your mind, we'll be on the plane tonight, if you want those shoes go in and get them." I made an entrance, and the manager waited on me and when he saw my foot, he held it in his hand, again, I was called child. "Child how did you get this?" I said to him, "Tell me how it looks to you." I seemed to put emphasis on his judgment. "It looks like a bad burn." He fitted the shoes, they were darling. I don't believe I ever told him what I had. There was a confident feeling in his presence, I never felt ashamed of my condition.

Later, we all safely arrived in California. I couldn't dismiss the thought that, it looked like a burn to him. So off I went to a drug-store and bought medicine for burns. I never applied it, I was disgusted with suggestions and these quack medicines. I cried myself to sleep that night. It was a Sunday afternoon, after I convinced everybody to take in a show that I would rather stay home. This man from Oklahoma entered my mind. I stood in front of the bath-room medicine cabinet and held this tube I bought sometime ago, and wondered if it would really help me. I remember praying loud and asking GOD to give him the spiritual help to guide me. I can't honestly say it was the same day, but I do know that it was on a Sunday afternoon, I took a nap, I dreamed. Strangely enough - I clearly saw a doctor and this man from Oklahoma was involved in my dream also. I saw myself ready to apply this salve, when I heard a voice say, "Not that way." The man in white took the salve from me and prepared it for me.

I woke with a start. I stayed in bed to clarify my dream. When I was sure of myself, I went to the medicine cabinet and prepared it the way I remembered. It had to be heated was the difference, and applied warm and in liquid form. I suppose this put into it a different chemical reaction. Well, you know the rest, yes I'm healed. Thanks to GOD. He does send out Spiritual Help, but you have to ask for it. Oh yes, I have tried to contact the doctor and found he had passed away, some years earlier.

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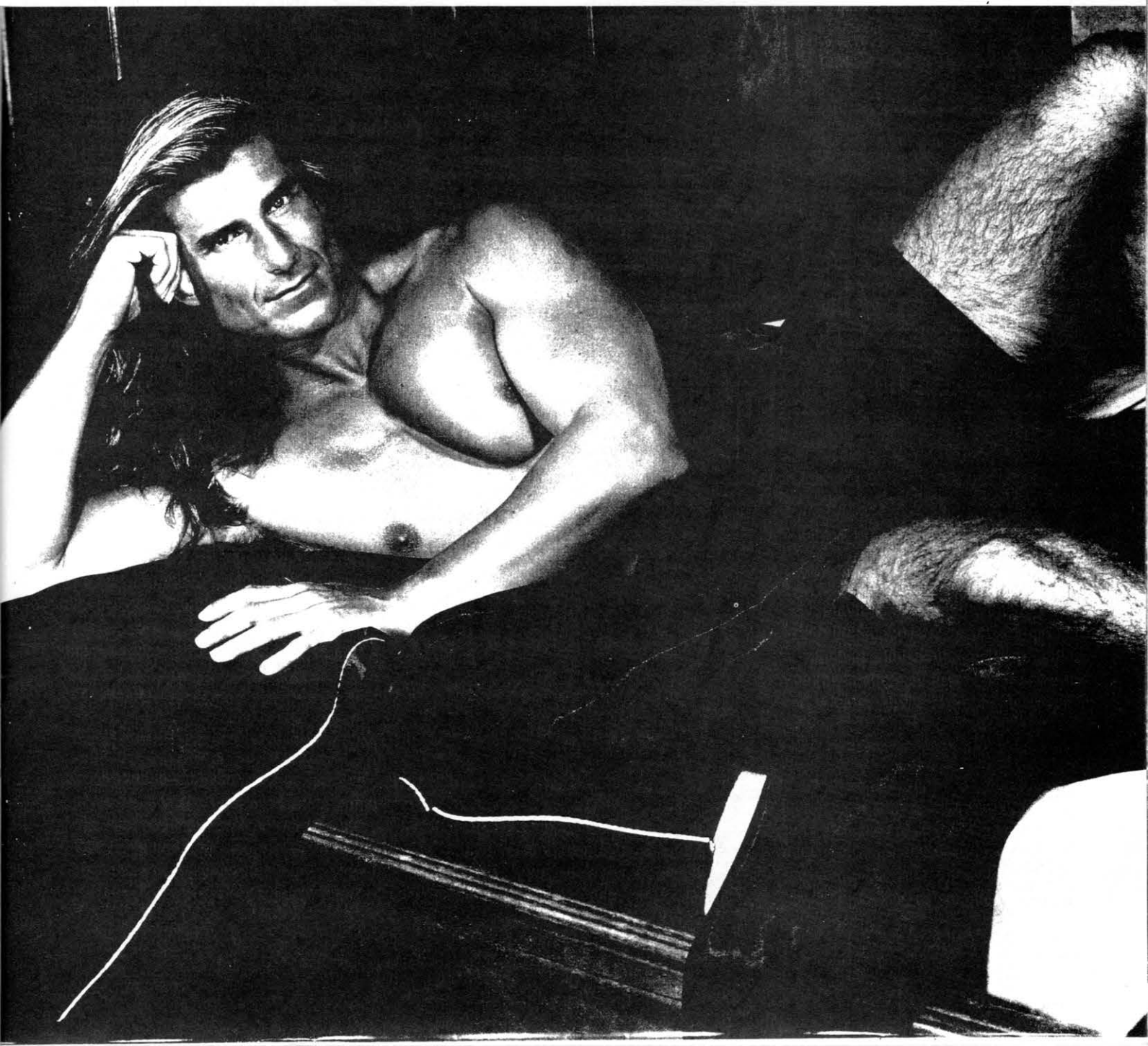
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The Little Girls Understand

I was the 230th woman in line to be allowed to kiss Fabio™ at the Macy's in San Jose in exchange for buying a \$42.50 bottle of Fabio's Mediterraneum cologne. I interviewed the 228th and 229th kissees mere moments before the thrilling event transpired...

ROLLERDERBY: So, what do you like about Fabio?

LYDIA: I think he's cute. And my mom likes him.

RD: What grade are you in?

LYDIA: Fourth.

RD: Is there anyone at school who looks like him?

LYDIA: No!

RD: Have you seen *anyone* who looks like Fabio?

LYDIA: No.

RD: How 'bout you?

GEORGIA: No. There's no... No. I like his books.

LYDIA: My mom has all his books! [*The 60 or 70 Harlequin Romances on which Fabio is coverboy.*]

RD: Is he all Italian?

GEORGIA: No.

LYDIA: I like Italian guys!

GEORGIA: He's got an accent.

RD: Is this the fist time you've seen Fabio in the flesh?

GEORGIA: Yeah. We didn't think we'd actually get to *meet* him--we just came down to take a look at him.



Fabio appeals to mothers and daughters

FABIO'S CAREER

by Lisa Crystal Carver

Fabio left Italy without his father's blessings to come to America to be a Bodice-Ripper man-model. He did a good job. He then recorded a really long come-on over sexy music. He decided to write his own romance novel, but since it took him about five minutes to print "To Lisa, Love Fabo" on my poster of him (and he spelled his name wrong), I guess it would have taken him too long to write a book. Instead he "emoted" into a tape recorder, and a female transcriber worked the, let's say, raw material into book form. It's called *Pirate*. I haven't read it yet, but a review gave a sneak peak at some of the lines:

1. "I am a man of the sea."

2. "Go hide in the fields, woman."*1

3. "Mayhaps she thinks I am doing something bad."*2

Even if the rest of *Pirate* is filler, I think those three bold lines qualify the book as most exciting book of the year, no contest. What man is a man of the sea these days? Only Fabio. And it's great he didn't get a big ego just 'cause he's an icon and suddenly think he's a writer. Fabio is aware of his limitations. He lets his destiny flow and doesn't impede it by over- or underestimating himself. Maybe he can't write well, but he does know how to emote. So he emoted like hell. Fabio is very inspiring. I also like him because, unlike just about every other star today, he doesn't try to pretend he has the same mundane, sad life his fans do. He knows who he is: he is Fabio.

P.S. Fabio just came out with a workout video. "He captured your heart; now he wants your body." "Get fit. Get fantasy. Get Fabio." And he's up to a few other things I can't remember. I just can't keep up with Fabio.

¹ Well, the line really is "Go hide in the fields." I was just interpreting for Fabio when I added "woman." I like to think he meant go hide in the fields and I'll come find you.

² Boyd Rice suggests the next line: "By and by I'll learn her different."

My Encounter With The Man

by LCC, as told to Noël, originally printed in Waffle

I heard one of his songs on the radio and the d.j.s were making fun of him; they were calling him Flatio. He was saying, "My name is Fabio and I want to describe our perfect evening together. You bring the wine and I'll provide the roses and I want to stare deep into your eyes and look at your soul." and I'm thinking, "Fabio, so do I!" I rushed right out and I bought the tape at Tower Records, and the woman behind the counter recognized me, saying, "Aren't you Lisa Suckdog?" and I said no. I betrayed Fabio. (At that time, I didn't want anyone knowing that Lisa Suckdog liked Fabio.) I bought it and took it home and...ah, I felt so fluttery inside. He has all these plans of what he wants to do.

I met him at Macy's. I felt weak. I was waiting in line with 250 women to kiss Fabio. He was kinda dull when I got to him, he had had enough. He looked bored and then I... I don't remember. It really was a dream. I saw him and I don't even know how I got up the platform to him. He gazed into my eyes

RD: Are your hearts pounding?

LYDIA: [laughing] Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh.

RD: Mine is!

LYDIA: My mom was telling me that when I'm done talking to him I should go up and give him a kiss on the cheek.

RD: How tall are you?

LYDIA: I dunno. How tall am I, Mommy?

GEORGIA: Four feet tall.

RD: Wow--he's almost twice the size of you.

LYDIA: Eh, heh, HEH!

GEORGIA: Just wait till he stands up!

LYDIA: Heh, heh, HEH! I don't think I want him to stand up!

RD: Do you have his CD *After Dark*?

GEORGIA: No.

RD: You need that.

GEORGIA: Do I?

RD: Yes--it's so romantic.

GEORGIA: Oh, I thought so.

LYDIA: At school I thought about Fabio all day 'cause I wanted to go see him.

RD: Were you unable to concentrate on your schoolwork?

LYDIA: Yeah! I was all, "Oh, shoot, huhhnn."

[moans] He has a limo.

GEORGIA: He has a Jaguar... Fabio can have as many cars as he wants.

LYDIA: Yeah, as much money as *he's* got! I'm gonna be a teacher or a model when I grow up. I want to tell Fabio that I like horses also, and I like to ride 'em. And I want to be a model and have my own perfume and a convertible and a jumping bed...

RD: What's a jumping bed?

LYDIA: A bed that you get to jump up and down on!

GEORGIA: I don't let her jump up and down on her bed.

LYDIA: Yeah. It's a jungle bed.

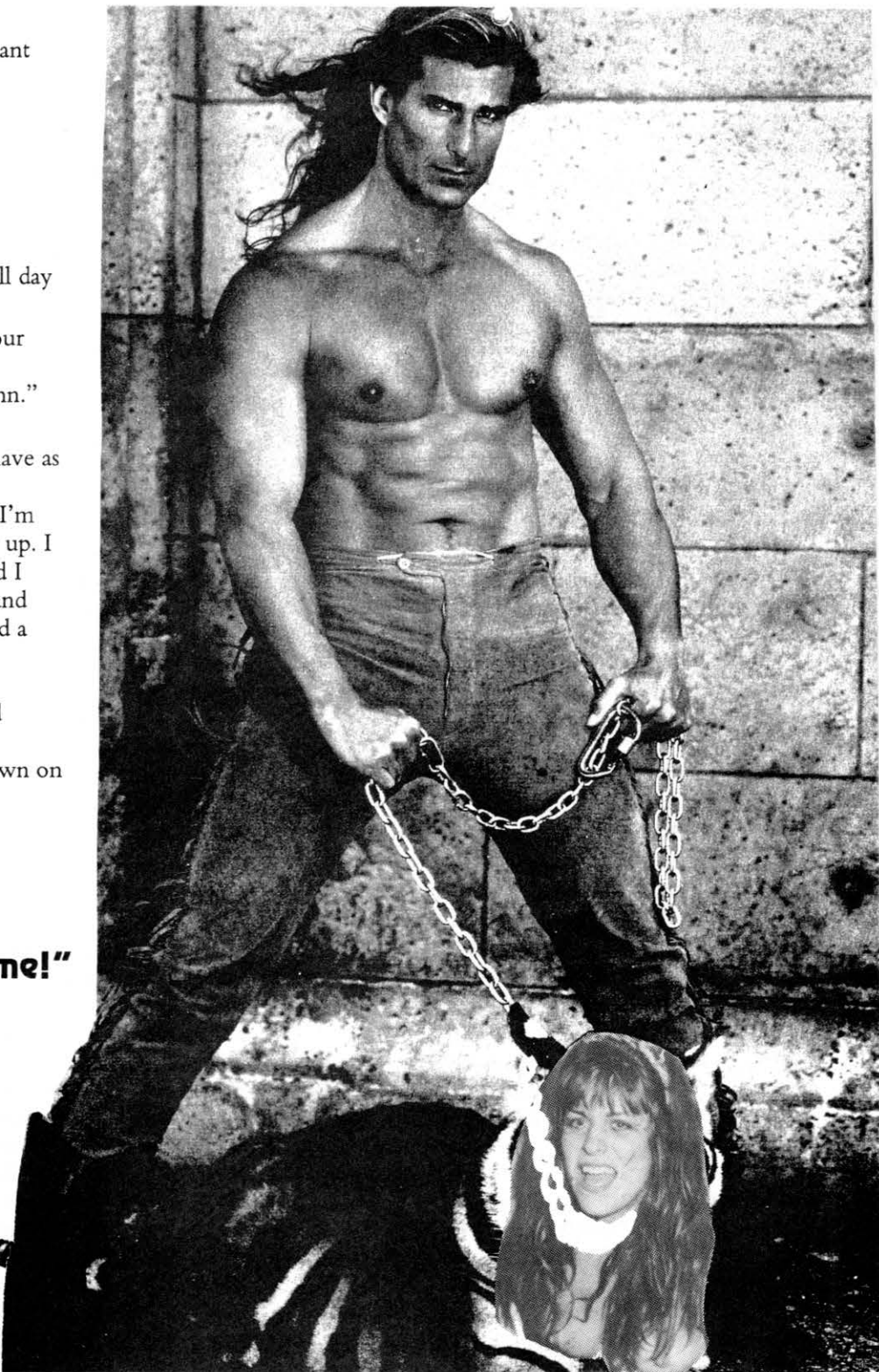


Lisa: "Fabio, you tame me!"

Ooh! I'm going to be selling beauty and health products with Fabio as my Key Leader. I like Fabio to be my Key Leader! If I sell enough products, I will be allowed to work "closely" with the man!!!! Please help me by buying some lipstick or soap!
--Lisa Carver!

and the rest is just a dream. I remember saying to him, "My heart is quivering." He looked at me and was really surprised, and all of a sudden he didn't look bored anymore! I don't remember everything that was said between us except at one point he said, "It is my pleasure." And I said, "It is all of our pleasure."

Most of the other girls he just put his arm around, but me...he must've thought, "This one wants more," and I did, so he gave it to me! He squeezed me against his greasy bare chest, my face was smushed and I got my lipstick all over him. He



Everybody Looks At Fabio

"He's a composite picture of handsome rather than someone who's genuinely handsome. He's buffed and his features are craggy, but I think he's ultimately very funny-looking. And that frosted hair--like Chris Everett 1971!"

--Gilmore Tamny

"Have you ever noticed how the top of his head is smaller than the bottom of his head?"

--Christina from Matador

"He has *long* breasts."

--Rachel

"Why does he have his name trademarked? People will start to try to counterfeit Fabio. Get all buffed out and bleach their hair and make appearances at Macy's. But they'd have to have a narrow space between their eyes. It'll be the next wave in plastic surgery: 'Can you make my eyes closer together?'"

--Matt Hall

"He's stereotypically 'hot' but I don't understand it. He's got too bushy of eyebrows. I like him. I like what he stands for--he's the heartthrob of the middle-aged woman. I was so excited by the fervor of being one of only two males in the midst of hundreds of excited women [at a Fabio Macy's appearance]. His security guys were eyeing [me and my friend Jim]--they were muscling us around. They thought we were up to something."

--Andrew Novick

"It looks like he was hit with a shovel. His nose is all cock-eyed...I'd like to do a *Beauty and the Beast* multimedia musical with Fabio. I'll be Beauty. I felt pretty good arm-wrestling with Fabio. He wasn't trying too hard to win. I could feel his gentle side. If you take off Fabio's muscles and hair and accent, then you have me. I'm the skeleton of Fabio. I'm the very root of Fabio."

--Jim Compton

"Jumping on the media bandwagon?"

--what "the next Günter Grass" accused me of at dinner when I told him my feelings about Fabio. My dining companion, a 27-year-old writer, who has never finished a story nor been published, who "can't be boxed into any genre" (though he does "employ the W.S. Burroughs cut-up method"), should be so *lucky* as to have a bandwagon to jump on! Later he called me "gullible"! I'd rather be gullible than Günter Grass! And he hardly touched his dinner, too. I bet Fabio has a *healthy* appetite.

kissed my head and I was kissing his chest and he was squeezing me! His hands were so huge! Oh, God! About halfway through I thought, "My God, this can't go on any longer," and it *did*! It went on longer and longer. All the people in the audience were screaming because he was squeezing me so tight. Well, that's what Robert Nedelkoff told me. I don't know if they were actually screaming because I was in a dream.

I almost fell when I left. When he released me from his embrace I just wanted to get away because it was such an overload of my senses. I didn't know what to do and this man in a suit led me away.

Fabio is much better looking in real life. In pictures he's ugly.

Fabio Interview

by Jon Abeyta

It is a great honor to interview a man like Fabio. Luckily, I can think of Fabio as a friend, and co-worker, not just as a ruggedly sensual man. I am the photographer behind (or should I say in front?) of Fabio, the man who captures the moment on Fabio's new calendar for 1994. I truly can take no credit for what are obviously fantastic shots--it is Fabio 100%, and he does it with pleasure.

The following is an interview done late last year in Seattle, just after we finished selecting the final shots for the 1994 Fabio calendar.

JON ABEYTA: I can't believe it's finally done. How were we able to just select 12 photos from the dozens that we took? Every one of the shots deserved to be in the calendar.

FABIO: [*laughs, caresses his left breast through his sheer silk shirt*] Yes.

JON: Really though, there's a couple I wish would have made it. Can I tell you which ones?

FABIO: But of course, it would be a pleasure to hear this.

JON: The shot of you with the very low, baggy trousers--the one where you effectively melded the streetwise, rap look while retaining your smoky sensuality. The large gold chains and Rolls emblem which dangled recklessly between your breasts, the orange baggy denims so dangerously low...

FABIO: [*laughs again, eyes going distant as he relives the moment on camera again*] Yes. [*long pause*] Oh my god, yes.

JON: The other was you climbing the Snoqualmie mountain range, just in those tiny lederhosen.

FABIO: Those were not lederhosen. It was something my stylist Mel Grayson suggested. He had said black leather was very in vogue right now, though I know nothing about this Ministry band that Mel keeps talking of. I only like love songs. That is the way I am. The music of Barry White is perhaps the best music for expressing the love and desire that exist between a man and a woman.

JON: So, do you have any second thoughts as we prepare to have this calendar printed?

FABIO: No, a man can not look back. He must live in the present, and that present is now.

JON: What is your favorite shot in the calendar?

"He's pretty big and ugly. I'm amused that his bigness and ugliness and hype make people like him so much. On the pop icon scale of one to ten, he's probably a six. But he's got his cologne now and he's getting bigger... He might get fat and flabby if his fame gets too big and he gets lazy... I could see that happening--resting on his laurels. But even then I could see his popularity growing, just like Elvis' did."

--Dan Woman-Chaser

"I guess that he's hideously ugly...but sometimes I can't help myself!

"I'm so excited you're releasing this poet on the young masses. The mass media brought him to the middle-aged ladies, but we young ones need his romance too. And he needs our support--he's approaching middle age, and it renews a middle-aged man's vitality when youngsters throw underwear at them. They look in the mirror and say, 'Heh, I still got it.' I'm just excited about the whole thing. He'd be great in Italian Parliament."

--Lala

"They just haven't spent enough time in the Pacific Northwest. They need to see those rocks jutting out of the water. They would understand his rugged appeal. The overwhelming sensuality of the landscape. Big, jagged rocks. Trees."

--Boyd Rice on why people mistakenly find Fabio ugly.

"I don't want him to say anything--I just want to feel his muscles." And "By the time I'm through, he's gonna be just teeth and hair."

--what two "homely, middle-aged ladies" said right before Fabio started "lipping them up," as heard by Andrew Novick and Jim Compton.

"It's not that I don't like him--it's just that I think he's a plague on humanity. That such an obviously talentless turd can occupy such a prominent place in the world of high-paying entertainment sends a very bad message to countries that don't have the same high quality of entertainment. America is an arbiter of popular taste all around the world, and I don't want to see a Japanese Fabio or a Swedish Fabio.

"Who is this guy? Frankly I've seen better-looking flesh on the back of a mule with dysentery. That someone so stupid and vacuous could become such an icon of seduction is emblematic of the corruption that is at the heart of the entertainment industry. Someone paid a lot of money to get him where he is. And now that the wheels of fame are in motion, his allure is taken for granted as authentic."

--Seymour Glass

FABIO: Truly, as you know, Jon, all the shots are wonderful, and for this I am grateful to you, and Mel Grayson, and Patricia [Skylar], the creative director and president of Landmark Publishing, who have given me the opportunity to make this calendar.

JON: Well, I can not take any credit. Truly, you are a man meant for the camera, for being photographed.

FABIO: [*Flattered, he touches me warmly on the forearm, his eyes lingering on me in the special way between men.*] I can not say this. [*Finally, he humbly releases me from a headlock he had placed me in playfully.*] Well, perhaps it is true.

JON: So, Fabio, you must have a favorite shot?

FABIO: Well, December, where I look longingly at the camera shutter--you are seeing my desire on the bear skin rug, the fire glowing off my gently sweating skin. Also, I think it was June, where I held the tiger's leash in my fist. The tiger is an animal of strength and rugged sensuality. It conveys my personality. But the December shot, it conveys my fantasy world becoming the reality of a long night of passion with that special someone.

JON: I am sorry, Fabio, but I must ask: Is there a special someone for you to spend the calendar nights with?

FABIO: [*laughs, locking me in his strong arms in a manly embrace*] Of course, there are those special people who I plan a perfect evening together with. I am a man who was made to love women. I can tell you that no one woman owns my heart now. Many share what I have to give, and they are special women. Of course, I consider every woman special in her own way. That is the message of the calendar I am in. It is my duty as Fabio to tell you no more of their identity. Some are royalty, others maybe not. Every one of them is a queen I serve utterly and totally.

We need no money. We need no clothes, only each other.

JON: [*almost too overcome to speak*] Of course.



Dearest Lisa,

I have been meaning to say this into the recorder for so very long, and tonight it is the destiny that I send to you, my words. I hope you enjoy the *After Dark* tape and calendar I am sending you. Both are autographed in a very secret way, which only you will know. That is from me. It is more of a problem to tell you what you have asked of me. I am by no means a writer, though I am a man of means. This, you know. And this, many know. But I can not write what it is, these feelings I feel. I just am, and is this not enough for the world? I know for you, it is enough that I am Fabio, the man who has a face calling to you from his tape and 1994 calendar.

I am not ashamed of what 1993 has made me. A man can take pride in yet another sensational calendar, a starring role in *Acapulco H.E.A.T.*, a *Fabio: After Dark* music release hand selected by me (for you and hopefully many more), and of course a new scent for men, which you have smelled that fateful day. I was so in another world, a secret world in my mind, that I could not even return enough to spell my name correctly, so many women who needed a

"He looks like one of those badly drawn, overblown phallic horses on posters in the '70s that girls into rainbows and unicorns hung in their room."

--Bear

"He's incredibly obvious."

--Gilmore Tamny

"That's exactly what's needed today. None of those pussy *nuances*."

--Boyd Rice

"He looks like a big brick. I never imagined having sex with him. My fantasy is to go on a romantic date with him and he looks into my eyes and says, 'You're not like the other girls. You're different. We're sitting on the couch all alone, and the lights dim when the heavy sex part is about to come in. My favorite line on his cassette is when he tries to say, 'I like to surprise my woman,' but it comes out 'I like to suppress my woman.' I like Fabio to suppress me."

--Lisa Jansen

"I fantasize I'm rock-climbing and I get lost and he finds me."

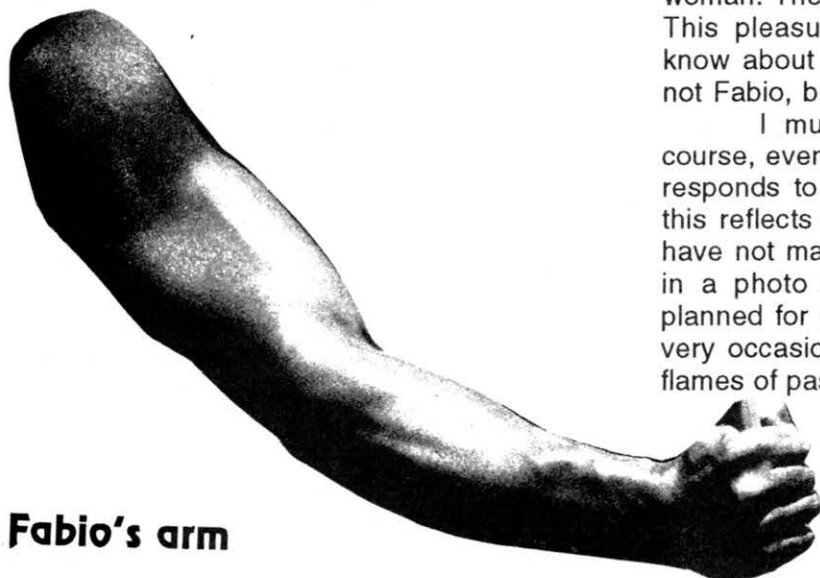
"I feel tingly just talking about him."

--Mari

"All my philosophy comes from stuff like Fabio. In my brain I'm substituting 'Fabio' for 'fascism'--that's the only way I can talk about politics."

"Fabio knows that only the strong survive. He's made himself strong and appealing--he's triumphed. It's the natural law--if no one else is giving us pleasure, Fabio is gonna rise to the top of the scum...and triumph! Triumph in pleasure!"

--Jaina



Fabio's arm

strong man in that department store. We know better.

Lisa, tonight you are mine again.

Tonight, it is not very good to be Fabio. Many nights it has been very good to be Fabio. I can not be pleasure on this evening. Rather, I have speak pleasure. This to you. This I must do. And this is the way for me to be.

I am not always giving pleasure to you. I am a man. And a man can be alone to be sad. He has to be alone. This man can be sad. This man can also be me. Tonight, it is not nice to be a man who calls to you from across a room, in front of the roaring fire, he is a man almost naked, just covered with silken shorts and his own bear skin rug. Tonight, it is a night to become a helper to the world, to be a man willing to make sacrifice, to tell you the secrets that I whisper in the wind, when no one may hear, only the wind, and myself, Fabio.

I must tell you, bring your ear closer to my lips, for I am a serious man also, and I must tell you something. It is this, and sometimes it is more than this. To give pleasure is my gift to the world, and I have been told by the gods that have governed my beloved home for many, many years that I must do this until the day they call me back to be with them. For you must use what you are given, and yes, I am a man who has been given a lot. But sometimes, to give pleasure is too much for even myself, Fabio, to handle. There are times when I would desire to be a man just alone. No one around, except the earth and sky, the sun and wind to lift my hair, just Fabio, myself, and my brand new and shiny Rolls Royce, soapy waters splashing on my bare torso. I look up after a long time to stare across the landscape with a penetrating gaze, my eyes of blue grey steel, the eyes of myself. I then finish washing my beautiful car. For I am a normal man too. A man that can wash a car, and then perhaps later, return to giving pleasure.

You must see what I am trying to say to you, this man who must also teach you what a man like me must know. I do know how to give pleasure, but for me, it is not always pleasure. Why must the world be so alive, so in need of a man like myself. Many men are not like me. They can not teach pleasure. They can not give pleasure. I am a man who can give and teach pleasure. To give pleasure, we must be pleasure. There is pleasure between a man and a woman. There is also pleasure between a man and himself. This pleasure with a man, himself, is knowledge, and I know about this. I wish all men can be like this. They are not Fabio, but they can be like this.

I must tell you, sometimes there is sadness. Of course, even with sadness I can still be Fabio, the man who responds to the overwhelming sensuality in the world. For this reflects on me, Fabio. Even when I am sad, when we have not managed to reflect my rugged and exciting nature in a photo shoot, even when a perfect evening I have planned for someone special does not go as planned (only very occasionally, but even Fabio has been burned by the flames of passion), even when not enough people call me on

my very own hotline 1-900-90-Fabio (\$1.99 per minute; must be 18. Visionistics Inc.; Miami, FL)...even then I remember that for others to love you, you must love yourself first.

These special words I share with you and the world, and they are written in the special 1994 calendar. For you, these words are a gift, for others, they can share \$11.99 for each one. Many people have brought my fantasies to life, and their help in making me what I am today must be repaid.

My special friend Lisa, remember to live out all your fantasies. Bring life to them, and they will be real. It is my pleasure,
Fabio

ZHIRINOVSKY

has called for his country to seize Alaska, for example, and take back Finland. He advocated blowing radioactive waste into Lithuania with giant fans to resolve a dispute. He thinks blacks in the United States should form their own country called the Martin Luther King Republic, headed by Michael Jackson and Angela Davis. He has said he would like to become dictator of Russia and would be willing to kill 100,000 people in the process.

People (Jan. 17)

Vladimir Zhirinovsky

A rock (from Fabio's calendar)



*Russian Leaders and My
Excitable, Fickle Heart*

Fabio uses his muscles to squeeze a woman on his terrace; Boris Yeltsin uses his to smash parliament. [In October '93 I read a newspaper with the headline "Yeltsin Crushes the Revolt With Assault on Parliament" and I wrote in Rollerderby: "That guy is always assaulting someone or other! No wonder they call him The Bear. (DO they call him The Bear? Well I do, at least.) He crushed it in a 'bloody ten hour fight (with) a potent show of force that left Russia's parliament building battered and in flames (or is that "inflamed"?). Oh, YELTSIN! I'm yelpin' for Yeltsin. (I was mad at the big bully when he wasn't as nice to romantic Gorbachev as he should have been, but...what's done is done.)"] Olivier Wolfson KINDLY rendered the above sexy drawing for me, entitled "Dream Date." (Olivier also did the color separations for this and last issue's covers. To employ his high quality services, call (415) 826-8227.) BUT things have changed, Olivier. Yeltsin allowed a free election, and the people overwhelmingly elected the fascist party led by Vladimir Zhirinovsky. Yet somehow Yeltsin is still in power??? (I'm not sure exactly what happened--the press really glossed over this hot story, so I'm relying on supposition and my often faulty memory.) My friends disapprove of me taking a certain glee in Zhirinovsky's jokes--I think they think I'm a neo-Nazi because of it. But I'M democratic: if the people want a fascist, you got to give it to them--that's democracy. Russian people throughout history have wanted fascism or its equivalent--they put a lot of trust in their leaders and expect a firm hand. Any Russian who seizes power is suicidal...UNLESS he can HOLD power in that coup-happy country--then his rewards are very rich. Yes, the Eagle is swooping down on the Bear. But Yeltsin might hold on--look at his face; that man's a tank. I'll like whoever wins.

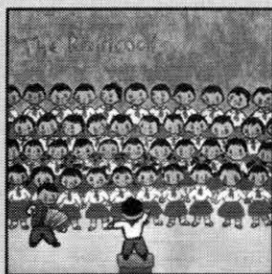
Lisa



"A while ago, I found myself in bloody exhaust grease London again **with an all-consuming urge to hunt for two rare things:** back issues of NME rumored to be secretly hidden in glass casings and submerged in the fry vats of every kebab machine in the U.K., and **the very-out-of-print first Raincoats LP.**" **-Kurt Cobain**

The original Rough Trade recordings made between 1979 and 1984, virtually unobtainable in recent years, are **now being released for the first time on compact disc.**

The Long Lost Legacy



The Raincoats

Their 1979 self-titled debut with the addition of the 7" version of "Fairytale In The Supermarket," the band's first recording, plus new liner notes by Nirvana's Kurt Cobain.



Odyssey

In stores January 4. Includes new liner notes by Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon.



Moving

In Stores March 1, 1994



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PASSIVE "ACTIVISM": Yellow Ribbons and Other Red Herrings

by Boyd Rice

Aren't you sick of the people who think colored ribbons will somehow change the world? It was stupid enough that a gimmick from a Tony Orlando song about a *criminal in prison* was applied to hostages, but two decades later people will use *any* excuse to adorn their trees, fences or what-have-you with those god-awful yellow ribbons. There should be a yellow ribbon killer who chooses his victims exclusively from the legions of chumps who use yellow ribbons to show the world how much they care. Now there are so many who care so deeply about so much there are ribbons of every conceivable hue addressing every conceivable concern. Ribbons to "end AIDS," to "end drunk driving," to "save the rain forest" and so on ad infinitum. Ironically, the more ribbons people wear the worse things seem to get. Perhaps it's because they choose to deal with the world's problems in an inappropriate manner--by wearing a ribbon instead of actually *doing* something. This is emblematic of humanity's tenuous relationship to reality at the end of the millennium. The ultrapopular bumper sticker *weltanschauung*/slogan "visualize world peace" could be more accurately encapsulated in the phrase "pretend everything's OK." Because that's the predominant character of the modern world: a huge game of let's pretend, with an endless succession of marches, run-a-thons, rallies and so on dedicated to ending every possible malady of modern life from date rape to homelessness. You can walk in the morning to "end violence," run in the afternoon to "end racism" and attend a rally in the evening to "stop AIDS," and all you will have succeeded in doing is fooling yourself into imagining that you have actually done anything at all. It may be the modern equivalent of fiddling while Rome burns, but at least fiddling produced a constructive by product--music. Today's care bear "activists" can wear a different colored ribbon every day of the week and never produce anything more meaningful than a small rise in the profit margin of the ribbon industry.

I'll conclude with some good news and some bad. First the bad news: there will always always always be pestilence, deadly disease, hunger, homelessness, inhumanity and great suffering. Nothing man can do will ever totally erase it, and certainly no amount of colored ribbons will either. Now for the good news: It's going to get far worse. Don't imagine for even a second that it might get better somehow...because it won't. But we all know how much people love to suffer, and as things take a turn for the worse they will find more and more opportunities to rejoice in their misery. So maybe things aren't so bad after all.



For A Good Time I Go To...



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Millie's

That fateful day in October when I met the hairdresser of my dreams was not brisk, but exceedingly clammy. I don't know if I can tell the true story of what happened: I've been in such a state of agitation in the weeks since it happened--constantly--that I have been unable to pick up a pen or gather my thoughts, and I must have forgotten some of the details and added others in the loving repetition of memory...

I knew Millie's salon was the one for me when I walked by and saw the faded early '80s posters in the window. No one's known how to do hair since then. Tony salons won't streak my hair the way I need it done. They say the old way is too damaging, and now they use tinfoil wraps and gentle bleaches and it's really boring. So I have to seek out the sleaziest place in town, and in San Francisco, Millie's is it. The background of the poster that really swayed me must once have been magenta, but is now peach with white splotches. The makeup and dye on the models were so strong in 1983 that after ten years of sun-fading, there is still more on them than on anyone walking down the street today. Anyone, that is, except Millie herself.

Millie is about 45 and wears that greasy blue eye shadow that no one's worn since 1979 (and only waitresses and 14-year-old girls on the wrong side of the law wore it even then) and tons of greasy black eyeliner, fake eyelashes, and cake foundation. She is thickset and rather tall for a Mexican.

I arrived for my appointment 15 minutes early. "I'm ready for you now if you are ready for me," Millie called out. Of course, I was. She called me Lisa Ann and I correct-

ed her. She said, "To me, you're Lisa Ann." Well! The next words out of Millie's crimson mouth were: "You sit in the yellow chair!" I'll never forget the way she said that. She put a plastic covering over my body and tied a towel around my neck. "Is that too tight?" It was, but I told her it wasn't. I looked into the mirror at myself in the plastic and Millie behind me, her blonded hair in curlers. I said, "We're having our hair done at the same time." She said, "Lisa Ann, I'll tell you something now. Every morning I come in here and put my hair in curlers, and when the curlers come out and I leave here, I'm ready for *anything* that might happen." Wow! Millie then put a plastic cap with holes in it on my head and showed me a sharp metal instrument sort of like that tool Mom and I used to make latch-hook rugs. "I'm going to be jabbing your scalp and pulling your hair through these tiny holes for the next hour. It's going to be painful. Do you want some Tylenol?" No, I didn't.

I told Millie about my dancing lessons. She said no one needs lessons. "To me, dancing is like eating--you just do it with your body. I see a dance once, and I can do it. I have my own dance room in my house--The Florida Room. It has a tiled floor. I can dance to everything--salsa, rap, music from all over the world. Everything but Chinese--Chinese music does not turn me on. My husband, for his 65th birthday I bought him a belly dancer. She was American; she had the technique--she had obviously taken all the lessons. She had the body; she had the jewels on her fingers... But my husband said, 'You didn't need to spend \$85 on her--you're a better belly dancer than her.' And I

am!"

When Millie was done pulling my hair through the little holes, she turned me over to two assistants. They applied bluish bleach paste with brushes (like paint brushes) to the hair sticking out of my cap. It felt like dog paws patting gently at either side of my head. The bleach made a tingling sound like soft snow falling on last night's snow crust. As neither assistant spoke English, they had to push or pull my head to get it into the angles they needed. Some bleach got on my cheek. I tried to explain that I needed a washcloth, and the two assistants went over to Millie, who was curling an older lady's hair. She scolded them in Spanish for getting bleach on my face. Millie not only refused to hand me the warm, wet washcloth so I could wash myself, but insisted on scrubbing not only the cheek where the bleach landed, but my entire face and neck too. I felt clean! Millie wouldn't let the other two touch me after that. She washed my hair three times. Then she ripped the cap off! Just one pleasure after another--next Millie was combing my snarled hair. She worked silently now, with thoroughness. She squirted mousse into her hand. I said, "Oh no, no mousse." Instead of wiping it off on a towel, she used her assistant's luxurious long hair. Can you believe Millie? She also sold me an expensive bottle of shampoo made from human placenta. Total debauchery.

My new hair color surprised me. She had done it the Mexican way--very light blonde all along the part, as if the sun had beat down on my head. (White people apply the bleach heaviest to the bangs and the hair framing the face--as if one were holding a flashlight under the chin.) Since it turned out a lot lighter than the picture I had brought in, Millie offered to put some brown streaks back in on Tuesday. I thought it looked fine, but if Millie wanted to see me again, I wasn't going to say no. Next time I think I'll get a manicure...we'll be holding hands.

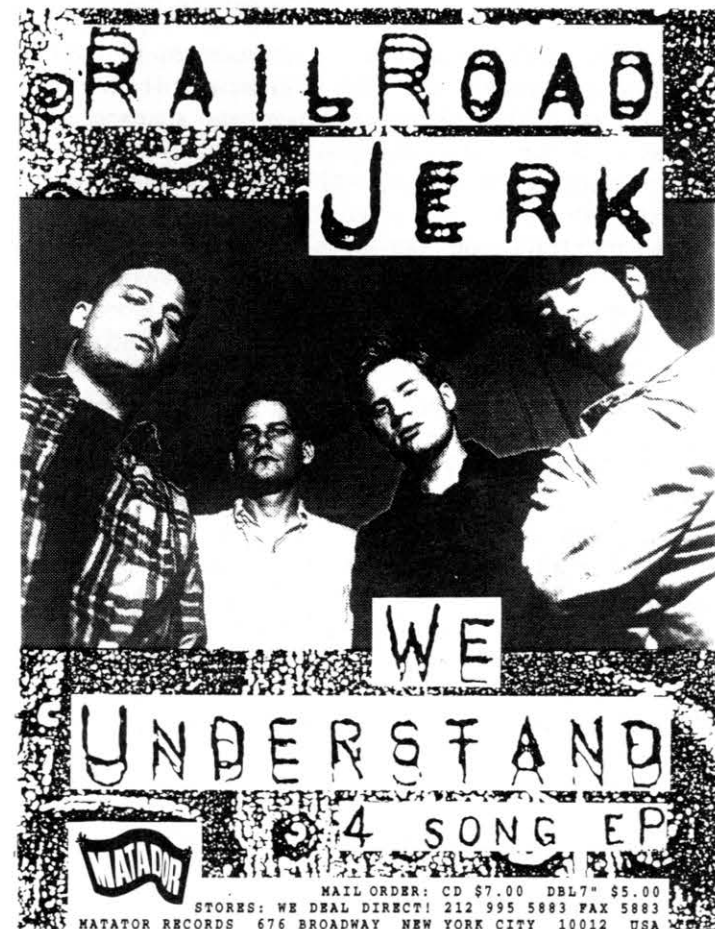
Postscript.

Cindy Dall says she wants a benevolent dictator. Me too! The way Millie treats me...I couldn't ask for more. Before I met my boyfriend, when we were only writing and calling, I sent him the first draft of this article as a roadmap to my position on the sex question. I found out later he never read it, but from the way he acted, you'da thought he had memorized every word! People like Millie and my gentleman friend --you don't have to tell them, they just *know*.

--by Lisa



THINKING FELLERS UNION LOCAL 282



Young Love

1 September

Dear Lisa,

Oh--I lost my virginity! It sucked! Damn! I'm so mad!

And to make matters worse--it happened in a car--a white Honda Accord LX. I mean, I wanted to lose it in a big field of swaying wheat, not in a cramped backseat. Agh. My boyfriend and I were at his friend Dave's house and we decided to leave. We went out to my car. I started the engine and looked over at my boyfriend and kissed him. And we kissed kissed kissed and finally we threw off our seat belts passionately and dove simultaneously into the back seat. I don't know what came over us but, with a burst of teenage passion, we ripped each other's clothes off. Cars were passing our parked auto and there we were, two naked people with big, white, zitty butts rolling around. I didn't even consider the embarrassment factor if discovered. He crawled on top of me and I grabbed his penis and thrust it inside of me.

The first thing I thought was, "Agh! I'm so mad! This is like being impaled by a watermelon! This HUUURTS!" Get off of me!" But I endured the intense pain and watched his sweaty face contort into many different shapes. As he rocked back and forth on top of me I realized that I was the one that was making him get off, and a great sense of power filled me. It ended with him withdrawing before he climaxed and him coming all over my stomach. As he layed on me, weak and panting like a little boy, I felt so damn POWERFUL! Agh! When he finally got his strength back, he turned the dome light on to check for stains on the upholstery so my parents wouldn't get suspicious. The light revealed me laying in a gigantic and spreading pool of blood. He had torn me very badly. He freaked out and said, "Shit! We've got to get this blood out!" I said, "Don't worry, I can get it out at home. I'm great at removing blood stains!" He said, "NO! I've got to get it out!" He searched frantically for some sort of rag and finally decided on using his socks to soak up the blood. I got dressed while he spat on the stain and scrubbed really hard. It was ten minutes of work, but he got the stain out. He tossed the bloody, balled-up socks on the lawn of Dave's house and took off.

I haven't had sex since. I've decided to find some 12-year-old boys with small penises to practice on so I can stretch myself out first.

Love, Ginger Makela

P.S. Penises are really ugly.

October 27, 1993

Dear Lisa,

Here's my sex update...

My boyfriend Brian and I have had sex three times since I last wrote to you! I'm 17. We seem to have a "thing" for cars. We had sex outside of his friend Adam's house in a blue 1985 Honda CRX and then again outside of his friend Dave's house--this time it was in his rusted out Volvo station wagon. Then we had sex one day after school at his house. His mom came home early. We were caught. I was embarrassed at first, but then I became indignant. I thought, "Hey, there is nothing dirty or embarrassing about sex so why should I blush about it?" It doesn't hurt anymore--I must have ripped or stretched out. It doesn't really feel good yet--it's just so interesting that I want to do it a lot. My boyfriend enjoys it though; he gets all sweaty and animal-like. I take back what I said about penises--they are not "ugly," just "unique." I think they are made out of the same skin my nipples are. They both feel, look, and act the same. After Brian and I had sex for the first time, he was so worried I was pregnant. It worried him to the point that if he thought about it for a long time, he would vomit in nervousness. That's how I knew he cared--he vomited. We were sitting in his bedroom one day after the "event" and he kept asking me, "Oh my god, do you think you're pregnant?" I kept saying, "No, no, no, no!" But he worried and worried and mulled over the possibilities and he suddenly jumped up and ran to the bathroom and quietly barfed. He came back green-faced with drool dripping from the corner of his mouth and he clutched his stomach and said, "Agh. What have I done. I'm so worried I'm sick." Until the day I started to bleed, every time I mentioned any word associated with pregnancy or the birthing process he would barf. What a thoughtful boyfriend I have. Love, Ginger

December 22, 1993

Lisa,

Oh! Tragedy. My lover-boy and I have broken up, and thus I return to a sex-less, boyfriend-less state. It was fun and educational while it lasted.

I have my eye on a boy who comes into the coffee shop where I work. He's got long-ish hair and a very pleasant raspy-dudish voice. BUT he likes the Grateful Dead. A LOT. I don't know if I could love a boy who likes the Grateful Dead a lot.

Don't hold it against me that I work in a coffee shop. I meet lots of interesting people. Weird people, too. Not good weird, but creepy weird. Like this guy named George. George comes in almost every day and has seven or eight cups of coffee in a 30 minute period. George is very feminine and has

a huge butt. He wears the same mustard colored corduroys every day. I thought he was gay at first, but then he started hitting on me. Like every time I pour him a new cup of coffee, he takes a sip and exclaims, "Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh! Yes!" like he's having an orgasm. It's creepy. Every so often he disappears into the bathroom for 20 minutes--I timed it once. I wondered what one could do alone in a bathroom for 20 minutes. He must masturbate. I betcha. One time he brought in a picture of Winona Ryder and said, "Oh, um, Ginger, you kinda remind me of her," and I said, "Um, yeah, whatever." Now every time he goes to the bathroom he takes that magazine with Winona Ryder's picture.

George is old. He's like 35. He's always commenting to me about how much he likes to eat gingerbread. I try to ignore these creepy/weird/gross insinuations.

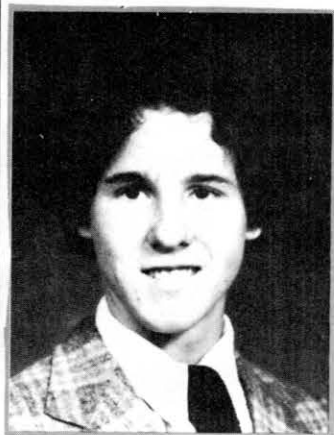
I am all torn up inside. River Phoenix is dead. When I was 12, I loved him. He and I have the same jaw line.

It made me so sad to think of him soaked with formaldehyde just like the cat we dissected in ninth grade.

Love, Ginger A. Makela



Sandy Behr



Patrick

1981

Dearest Sandy,

I would climb the highest peak for your love. I would swim the widest ocean for your puddles. You are the most beautiful girl to walk the crust of the earth. So What's new? I just wanted to say Hey! by the way! You know . . . I like having a girlfriend. You know it's nice to have your arms around me? Did you know that water balloons come in packages of three? Ha Ha get it? I was looking at some condom-iniums the other day. Some have ribbed surfaces and come cum? with sensicreme lubrication. How convenient? (They are individually wrapped.) I just thought that you would like to know. Did you know that the scientific name for them is profilactic? Why don't they

just call them cock socks? I'm sure you are really interested. Hey! I was thinking. When Neil and Nora write letters they use secret code names like Pooh & Piglet. Neil is Pooh and Nora is Piglet. When we write letters we should use names too. like Olive Oyl and Sweet pea. or if you don't like those names we could use Poodles and Puddles. What do you think?

Love,
Patrick

P.S. if you see a good-looking guy with curly brown hair try to make a move on you. kiss him

Memories of Patrick by Sandy, 24 January 1994

I can't remember much about our conversations. He had too much Colgate on his breath mixed with pot when we kissed. He had an ugly green Pinto--stick shift. Got shoved into the door at the end of dates for long make-out sessions. The long made-out sessions ended when I lost my virginity (because he wanted to just go straight to the act). Very self-aware that this was supposed to be an important event, but it was painful and boring. I said I loved him but I lied. But Patrick lied too. Starting when he said he was wearing a condom the second time we had sex (ten minutes after my hymen broke). Then I lied ten months later when I started going out with someone almost seven years older (with whom I tried out new positions). I had to pretend with Patrick I didn't know "new" positions because he was suspicious--only bad girls did those (in the bushes by the bike trail).

June 7, 1979 <I was 14>

Dear Sandy,

I hope you know it's 10:42 & I'm losing sleep over you. It's true you do say the wrong things sometimes, at least to the wrong people. (Margo) I'm answering this honestly, I think some people do think you want them to drop their problems & help you, but it's not your fault & anyways, they're entirely wrong. You are definitely not self-centered!!! ...Love, Beth

Dear Lisa,

I begin to worry. Today I went into See Hear and saw Rollerderby and listlessly thumbed through it and heard the fissure in my heart grow much bolder and gorier. I hear you want to rape Olivia Newton-John. It wasn't so long ago I wanted to be Olivia Newton-John. Does that mean we can bond with impunity now? I know you've got the Rollerderby with my name on it. Be as coy as you like, but only as long as I'm counting to 1,048, in both languages, then backwards. Remember that last year's postal worker massacres occurred on my birthday. I am capable of anything. I am also capable of something, but that depends on who you ask. Your Love, M. Vishmidt

Dear Lisa C. Carver, Esquire:

There's a little green boy at my school. I haven't figured out yet whether it's photosynthesis or vitamin deficiency (or maybe he showers in his

army jacket [hm]) but what it quintessentially is, is pleasing to the eye. He's definitely the first vegetable I've ever been sweet on. I told my mother, and she came out with a remark of some drollness in the native tongue but only haplessly translatable into English. It was approximately "like a young grassling, dear?" Then it mutated into true verbal onanism between myself and my close personal friend, Viz. "Young Werther" because "young Verdure." And I'm Charlotte, or I hope to be in due time. At least it's a progression from "Flegmdiddle," the old euphemism for him. We're super educated at my school, and proud of it. We're pitiful that way. ...It's not pedophilia because he's taller than me. How would you advise me to go about snatching the little green boy from the dingy embrace of a future without me. He may be green but he may be had. Although it would seem that a woman of your multiple effulgences and arts might consider it a cinch--didn't you maintain a seraglio of little green boys (in varying frequencies of green what's more) at age nine, at least? But I'm lost. He looks like Silver Jews and Tiger Trap songs sound but I hear he's as mean as a God Is My Co-Pilot noiscape. Yeah. Kill me.

Love, M.

Dear M.,

When I was your tender age, I too loved a green boy. My friend and I would gasp as with orgasm as we exclaimed, "He looks like he crawled out from under a rock!" and other comments. What you REALLY want, M., is something completely different from a faint boy, isn't it?

Love, Lisa

Dear Lisa [Carver],

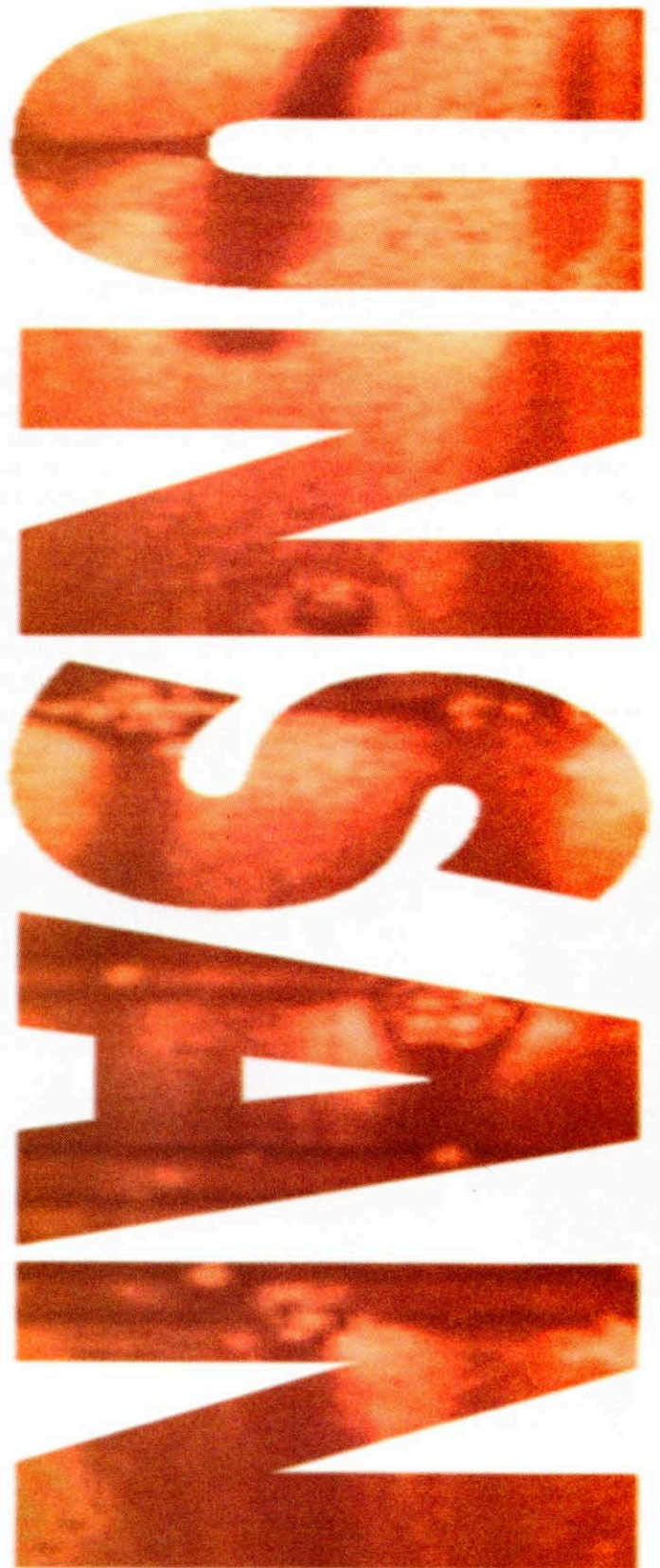
...If pornography appeals to the most base instincts in males--these being sex and violence generally speaking--and if (as I believe) the most base instincts of girls are emotional and romantic, then a romance novel with Fabio on the cover might as well be a splayed beaver shot--allowing girls to masturbate emotionally.

Best wishes, Lisa [Jannsen]

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LIZ PHAIR



After a flurry of calls with Liz Phair's publicist in New York and near-tussles with a box office lady*, a photographer* and a journalist*, I finally made my way to Liz, who was perched on a bar stool and seemed to be in a good mood. Her songs burn bright and I love to listen to them and I have nothing to say about them, so I asked about her money instead. The head of the Liz Phair industry (Liz Phair) struck me as fake (super-adroitly charming), but I'm sure she's not fake when she's dealing with people who she chooses to be with instead of strangers crowding around to ask questions. As an interviewee she's indefatigable--smiling and thoroughly attentive to all. She touched my thigh several times. She was wearing a candy necklace that she nibbled on from time to time, and she gazed into my eyes quite a bit. When Rob't Nedelkoff came up to introduce himself, she gazed into *his* eyes. Rob't later described Liz thus: "She looked very nice. Golly. She's very charming. Her skin was glistening and the fibers on her sweater were starting to rise up. Static electricity. This whole aura of shininess was coming across."

*unbelievably obnoxious!

LISA: [pointing at the previous interviewer's back] Who was that?
LIZ PHAIR: [whispers] I don't know!
LISA: What a bitch!
LIZ: HAHHAHA!
LISA: First I was listening to her talk to you about places and I thought she was boring, then she told me to stop eavesdropping and I thought, "She's boring *and* she's a bitch, too!"
LIZ: AH, HAHA! Cool sweater. I like that.
LISA: Thanks. I've never waited in line to get 30 minutes to talk to someone before. How star-like! I feel important by proximity.
LIZ: I even have a *Nightmare Before Christmas* stopwatch. Look.
LISA: Well...
LIZ: You don't like my watch!
LISA: No, I like it. You're going to be sorry you sent me away at three o'clock [because things were running a half-hour late], because that gave me time to eat a lot of M&M's, and I'm feeling sugar aggression.
LIZ: Uh-HEH! Mm!
LISA: You're getting \$4,000 for one night's work tonight.
LIZ: Am I?
LISA: Yes. \$2,000 per show.
LIZ: We usually get a \$1,500 guarantee. You should ask my guitarist. I'm pretty not money-oriented. I like it and I want more, but I don't keep track of it and I spend it fast.
LISA: It's a dream. You're rich!
LIZ: Not really. Do you think so? I'm on Matador. I usually make a couple thousand off anything I do. I probably make \$15,000 a year.
LISA: That's ridiculous--*Exile in Guyville* sold 100,000 copies.
LIZ: I haven't gotten my royalties

yet, but I have to pay Brad [drummer/producer/arranger, etc.], and [Matador] will recoup half of our video budget, they re-coup advertising... There's all these stories about people who are on MTV and they don't have any money--it's really true. I'm living off my boyfriend right now.
LISA: That's pathetic for a person as well-known as you.
LIZ: If I want to be on Atlantic I have to sign, and they say I can have whatever I want, and I'd have more money, but that wouldn't necessarily make my life more enjoyable. I have a pretty good, responsibility-free situation. Whereas if I started pulling in the big bucks, there'd be a whole industry surrounding Liz Phair. All the people that get you the money are also gonna work you for the money.

LISA: Somebody told me they sent you a check for a *Girly Sound* tape and you cashed it and never sent him the tape.

LIZ: What about all those checks? Most of them are in a big bag at my parents' home. I didn't open the mail. I've never written letters in my life, not even to my grandmother. So I was horrified by all this mail--"No, no, no!" I opted out of the fan mail thing.

[A bunch of people come say Hi eagerly. Like Liz, her fans have immaculate skin and healthy, shining hair.]

LISA: Look at all these people fighting over you. I almost decked your last interviewer, and now there's another one patiently waiting his turn... And this has been going on for two days in this city alone. Do you feel attacked?

LIZ: I used to. Maturity is not taking everything personally, not thinking everything moves and shakes because of you. I have five more interviews to do before sound check, and of course everything's running late. Everything gets backed up and everyone wants something from you. People are always hanging around at shows... You wouldn't believe the calls I get. People calling my *brother*... But I don't think it's bad or unusual.

LISA: Do you ever tell someone, "You're a real bore and you're wasting my time--go away"?

LIZ: No. A couple people call my boyfriend's house and I'm polite but blunt about telling them that I don't take calls there. They want to tell you how much you mean to them, and you can't say, "Fuck you, you loser"--but at the same time you've got to.

LISA: I've heard a lot of bitter rumors about you--

LIZ: Yeah.



Liz Phair: "inclined to embrace limitations and then explode them"
↑
Huh?

LISA: Is there something in you that brings out people's nastiness?

LIZ: Totally. I'm a fighter and I say what I think, and that pisses people off. I don't seek out confrontation, but I won't back down from it. And I'm opportunistic. I've never done it intentionally at someone else's expense, but you can always read that into it.

LISA: People get all mad and offended when a person accepts good fortune instead of fucking things up for him- or herself.

LIZ: I've always been someone who uses my opportunities. I have room to grow--

LISA: HA!

LIZ: --in sensitivity.

LISA: Oh! I thought you meant room to take bigger and BIGGER opportunities!

LIZ: Yeah! I'm ambitious, what the fuck.

LISA: Here's some stuff I've heard about you: You're a dominatrix.

LIZ: No.

LISA: I heard you sucked Gerard [Cosloy] off to get the Matador contract.

LIZ: Of course not! Don't be stupid. I've never slept with anyone for business.

LISA: You don't think that could be taking advantage of an opportunity?

LIZ: No. I don't think that gets you anything. I think if you have a good product, it'll sell. I never rely on social connections. I use them; I don't rely on them.

LISA: Are men attracted to the fact that you're 5'2"?

LIZ: I don't think so. I've always wanted to be taller. I feel my body will never be sleek and long enough. Men think I'm *cute*, yeah--I can get away with stuff in traffic court 'cause I'm cute and blue-eyed. I prefer women who can smarm around or not--they *can* get what they want through other means. I prefer that social pimping is purely fun--entertainment.

LISA: Do you say basically the same things in every interview?

LIZ: No. Almost never. They ask a lot of the same questions; it's hard to come up with new answers. They never ask me if I sucked off Gerard or how much I'm making!

STEVE JENNINGS: Hi Liz. Steve Jennings.

LIZ: Hi!

It seems my "Why I Want to Rape Olivia Newton-John" article was misleading. Many people wrote asking: "Do you like her or hate her?" How could I hate such a sweet creature? Maybe it was confusing because I didn't include tales of my displaced childhood, which greatly affected my feelings for Olivia. (I didn't want to talk about it because I'm tired of everyone jumping over each other to prove how extra-displaced their childhood was.) In one year, both my parents had to tell me they might die (one in the hospital, one in jail), my teacher died in front of me and so did my pet turtle. The Carver family is very small and not too friendly, so when my parents weren't around (which was a lot), I was tossed from house to house where I was basically unwelcome. Happily, this upbringing made me resourceful; I also grew to have an odd relationship with stability. I seek it, burningly desire it, but it feels unnatural when I get it, and I don't know what to do with it. I get itchy feet awfully fast. People who have stayed with one mate or in one place for years and years appear exotic to me. Olivia for me is the symbol of eternal love. Eternal love is incredibly alluring, and I wanted to rape Olivia only to test her--if she'd stick with me through that, she would NEVER leave me. Like Luke and Laura on General Hospital. Plus, in real life, if someone wants to keep me, they'd better be forceful from time to time when I get my weird doubts and itchy feet. In my fantasy I was only treating Olivia in the way I need to be treated during those doubtful times. Sometimes it's just right to be trapped and helpless.

I hope everything is clear now and that my readers know I wish for Olivia nothing but more and more success and happiness and for her to sing more and more songs about her love "running deeper than the night, stronger than the North wind blowing...and it's always been this way, and I'll never, ever change."

-Lisa

A Very Special Message From Kathy Molloy

Greetings Dear Reader. I would like to take just a moment to remind each and every one of you that any time you purchase a subscription to Snipehunt you and I enter into a solemn pact that I will produce at least another 4 issues. And you and I alone will know that it's secretly being done all because of you, and no one else! Just think about it, with a subscription there's no more disappointment when your local record shop runs out of issues. Gift subscriptions are also a lovely way to show that special someone just how much you care this Christmas. So take a moment just now and consider it, won't you? I'm waiting to hear from you...

Ever Yours,

Miss Kathy





DON'T BUY WRETCHED WINTER CLOTHING - JUST WEAR 50 FLIMSY GOWNS ON TOP OF EACH OTHER. IF YOU'RE STILL NOT WARM ENOUGH, HAVE ANOTHER GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.

The School of Soft Knockers

by Lisa

LISTEN TO YOURSELF. In the latest *Feminist Baseball* the editor states this true fact: "Give yourself a pedicure--it's usually better than going to a live show." And *then* he goes on to review about five billion shows! No, no, no! I see this all the time--people *knowing* the grunge/whatever life sucks, yet not leaving it. Listen! *Cigarette smoke is bad for your complexion*, and those people milling about rock clubs are losers. Shows make you miserable, whereas attention to toes always gives back pleasure. **DON'T MAKE YOURSELF MISERABLE.** More specifically: Anywhere you can wear open-toe shoes is a good place to be. (*Not* at youth rock shows where some skanking creep will step on you and mar your paint job.)

BE UNCOMFORTABLE.*1 The more uncomfortable you feel, the better you look. And the better you look, the better you feel. Furthermore, on a merely practical level, being uncomfortable enhances any experience. When I went to go see a scary movie wearing false eyelashes that felt like spiders on my eyes, as well as Yeast Infection pants (pants so tight you get a yeast infection if you wear them two days in a row), plus having eaten only Halloween candy all day, I was *very* edgy from the discomfort and felt extra ready to be scared. Judging by how much I jumped and screamed and how little all the comfortable people did, I'd say I had a much better time.*2

Fashionable person Vicky Wheeler says people *always* look better in **TIGHT CLOTHES**--and *she* sure does! Chanteuse Liz Cox says there's an attractive *alert* look to those whose clothes pinch. My foolproof tip is to pick out fabrics that can't be thrown in the washer. "Dry-clean Only" is code for "Looks Better." **FEATHERS** are the best thing on earth to wear, and they can hardly be washed at *all*.

CAT SCRATCHES AS CLEAVAGE (see illustration)--the vertical crimson scabs look like shadows. It's hard to get it just right...keep trying... 'cause your mom was right: **BEAUTY IS PAIN.** *Debbie Jaffe was right, too, when she said pain is pleasure, though I suspect she was talking about*

I was hesitant to leap that last hurdle into fakeness--buying a fall. I felt it would be tricking people into thinking I had really long hair. But **PEOPLE LOVE TO BE TRICKED!** They're grateful every time. Friend Jaina finally convinced me to get the fall by saying, "Just think of it as a real hairy barrette."

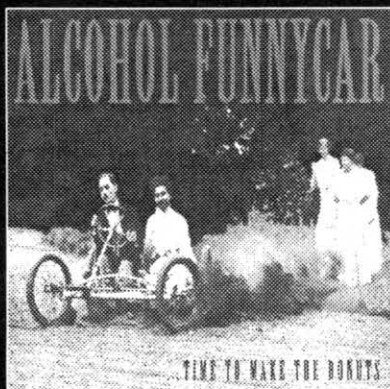
Finally, tell yourself this: **I WAS PUT ON THIS EARTH TO BE EXCITED.**

*1 Uncomfortable does *not* mean miserable. It means accentuated living.

*2 If you wear feathers and hot pants into a diner, I guarantee the food will taste better.

A few little, practical extras: Keep your sports bra in the freezer--that way, when you do your aerobics in front of the full length mirror, your nipples will be erect and so you'll have something good to look at and not get bored. Wear panties over the garter belt--you can take them off but leave the garter and stockings on while peeing or mating. Fancy yourself up when you go shopping--if your hair and face are frumpy, you'll feel ridiculous trying on luxurious gowns and feel your destiny is a sweatsuit...and it will be! **BIRDS ON BUTT.** This tip comes from New Hampshireite Melissa Jasper. She sews fake birds onto her skirts and pants as if they're perched on her butt. This wouldn't work for everyone, but if you're the kind who *can* pull something like that off, then...I'm free this Friday evening, how about you?

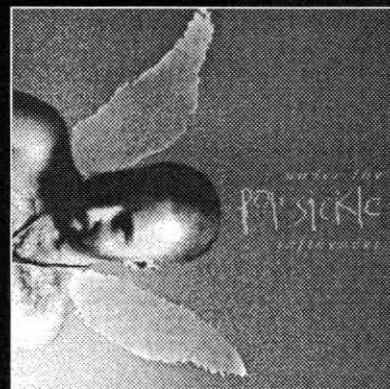
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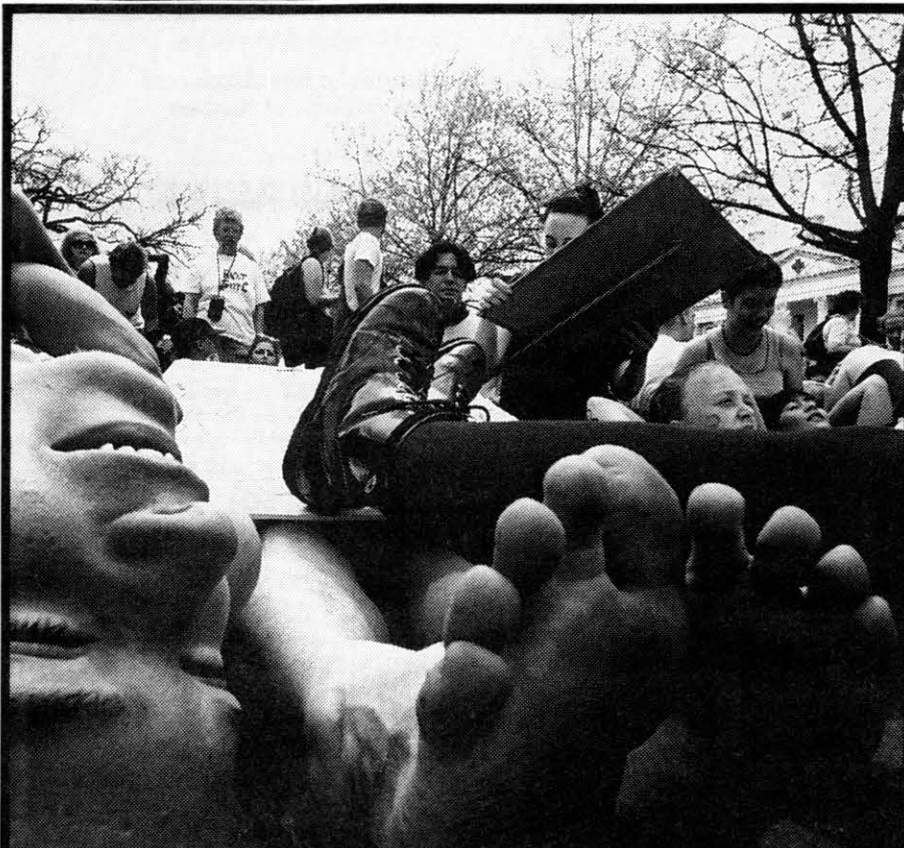
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-YAKUZA

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